THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1803

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AUG. 11 1934

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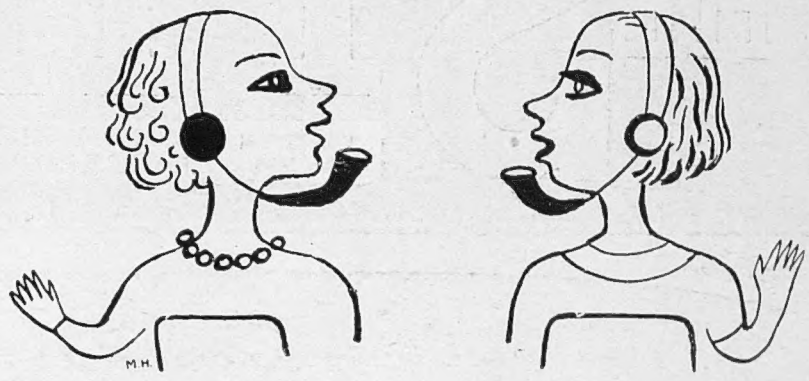

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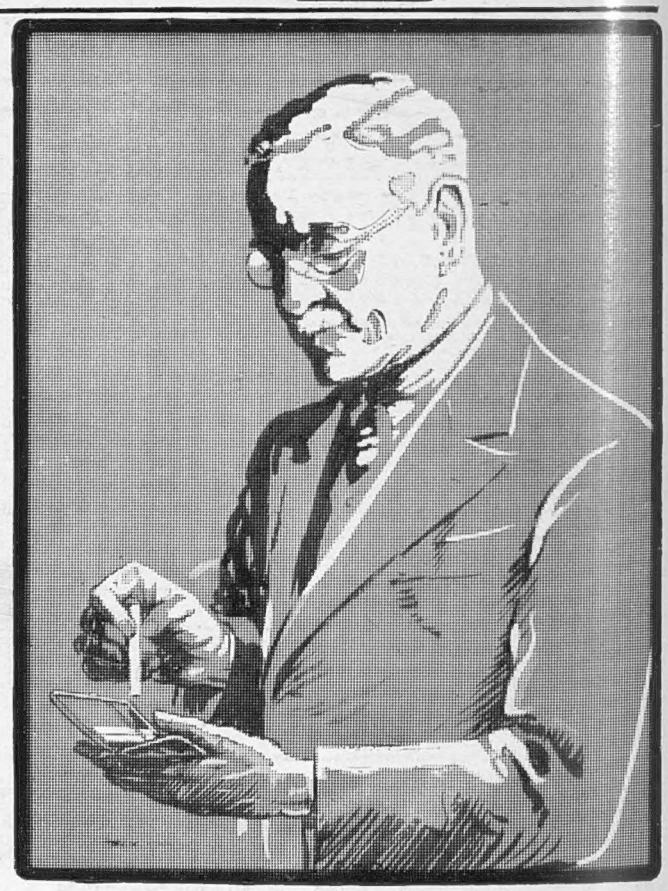

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PLAYER'S **NUMBER 3**

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 11, 1934

THE SENIOR SERVICE RECEIVES

Navy Week at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham

Throughout this week the three most important British dockyards are open to the public which is flocking in its thousands to see the great ships and to witness a series of colourful displays illustrating life in the Navy. At Portsmouth, where there was a record attendance of over 31,000 people on Bank Holiday, a tattoo is being staged; the *Victory*, as usual, is on exhibition at No. 2 Dock; and H.M.S. *Nelson* and H.M.S. *Hood*, two of the largest warships in the world, are open for inspection. This picture was taken during a demonstration of diving which is being held at half-hourly intervals. The most important event of the opening day was the speech by Lord Beatty who declared that the best method of preventing war was to have a Navy strong enough to preserve peace. "To-day," he said, "our lack of cruisers is appalling. We have not at the present time a number of cruisers equal to the number which was required to capture the *Emden* and the *Königsberg* in the last War. It is the duty of the people of this country to insist upon a Navy adequate to perform the services for which the Navy exists"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

"THE CRUSHED AT WATERLOO": Holiday-makers waiting on the platform as the great exodus to the seaside and country-side began last week-end. Over 21,000 seats had been reserved on trains leaving Waterloo on Saturday, including 9,000 for Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, 6,500 for Bournemouth, and 5,300 for Devon and Cornwall. The previous highest total for this day was 15,000

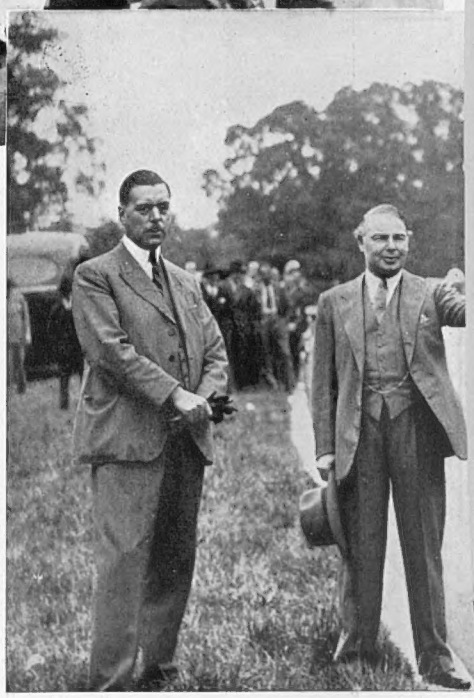
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 8, 1934.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

—It is natural to take stock in August 1934, twenty years after the beginning of one of the major tragedies in world history. What have we learned, how have we progressed, in that rounded period of time? Have we indeed done more than employ it as a breathing space, and can we claim to have yet got our breath and our senses back? The events of the last few months have definitely checked any boastful claims. At first sight, we must admit that we are no nearer the outlawry of war, no nearer to general detestation of force, no nearer to international brotherhood and understanding, and to a world-wide determination to secure individual liberty in thought and action, religious and political. At first sight, indeed, our reactions seem more significant than our progress. Twenty years after, the international outlook and fashion of thought appear to have swung back to those which produced the World War. Yet, in the face of jeremiads, we believe in our hearts that a new force has arisen—the force of public opinion which would make abortive any call to war made by Governments. That belief has substance, is a distinct advance, and inspires hope and confidence. And the League of Nations has not entirely failed. In social reforms it has made distinct progress. In a review so important and of a range so wide, one can do no more than jot down headings for future consideration. In our own domestic sphere we must note the great advance in housing and slum clearance, the enormous advance of broadcasting, with the reservation that as an instrument of propaganda and education its results have been curiously disappointing (e.g. its efforts to inculcate care on the roads, and to reduce litter and destruction of the country-side have been of little avail). Indeed, advance in public education and taste is not noticeable. Progress in flying, again, great as it has been, has been far less remarkable than was anticipated after the War. Economic factors have interfered with any important results in industrial reconstruction, and even in agriculture reconditioning has been piecemeal. Nor are the purer Socialist ideals in respect to these industries and to finance very much nearer realization. The greatest change has undoubtedly been in social habits. Class barriers have everywhere fallen, youth has thrown aside the discipline of respect for age, and the fetters (some of them rusty) of tradition, conventions, andrestraints. We are undoubtedly under favourable conditions a cleaner, healthier, happier race than at the dawn of the century. But we have lost "gravitas." We have lost in individual character. I very much doubt if we are as a race, and individually, better able to separate wheat from chaff, to resist insidious propaganda, to judge things political and social for ourselves with logic and reason, or to meet with dignity and patience and courage the misfortunes which may come, and the fate which must come to all of us, national setbacks and disasters, illhealth, poverty, and old age. In a word, it is impossible to claim that in the past twenty years we have made any notable advance mentally or morally, internationally, politically, economically, or socially; in none of these directions, at any rate, has the advance come up to our expectations twenty years since.

THE DUKE OF YORK, who has been ill with a poisoned hand, made his first public appearance last Saturday when he addressed the boys who were about to leave for a stay at his summer camp at Southwold, Suffolk



A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY: Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, road accidents, visited some of the main for himself. In an interview after his highway they took up, and, though he would both

A HOLIDAY BOOK.—

There are one or two rules which all writers of sporting reminiscences must obey, if they would have my support. They mustn't invariably be successful. There is nothing more boring than a mighty hunter's catalogue of bloody corpses, or a shooter's reiterated tale of brilliant "right-and-lefts," or a fisherman's history of unusual fortune. And again, your chronicler must be as much a poet and field naturalist as sportsman, and must be able to paint the sights and scenes which delighted or interested him in moments of waiting. For these reasons, fishing reminiscences are, I think, most likely to please. Your true fisherman must, perforce, be a lover of nature (which your crack shot most often is not) and unless your fisherman writer is a born fool as well as a liar, he will sometimes record blank days. Even for the superman, a blank day's fishing is no rarity, as it is out shooting. And on the whole it is the *blank* day's fishing, the *lost* fish, that make the best sporting literature. For these and other reasons I commend Mr. Headlam's *Holiday Fisherman* (Christophers). The author is an incorrigible angler, a dyed-in-the-wool, cradle-to-the-grave fisherman. He would prefer to get his maximum of eight good fish a day on the Bonaventure, but failing all else he would rather fish for sticklebats with a bent pin than not fish at all. And this comes out in his writing, and so does a disarming humility, a scholarly wit, a keen eye for the curious and the beautiful in nature, and a ripe experience of life and men and his beloved sport in all parts of these islands and of Europe.

A HEART OF IRON.—

The heart of Hindenburg must indeed have been composed of iron. If we recall that heart failure due to the intense anxiety and responsibility of war decisions, carried off untimely so many of the chief army commanders on both sides in the Great War, we can express amazement that Hindenburg so long survived the far greater anxiety of his "peace" post. What he must have gone through in agony and worry and humiliation in the last few years, no words can assess. None but a superman endowed with unique organs could have survived the strain put upon him in the last quarter of his eighty-six years. He was a member of a Prussian Junker family originally owners of Neudeck, the estate bought back by the nation and settled on his son and now held tax free by his family while male heirs exist; he entered the army in '65 and fought through the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars; he was brought out from retirement to assume chief command in 1914 of the East Prussian Armies and his Russian victories are remembered history. He was C.G.S. 1916–18; and was elected President of the German Republic on Ebert's death in '25, narrowly defeating the Roman Catholic nominee. He was re-elected in '32 by a far larger majority, and until the last year or so he exercised a strong and clearly individual influence over the political evolution of Germany. It is impossible to believe that ill-health and increasing senility did not turn him into something of a cipher at the last. It is doubtful if he realized or was made

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OF HISTORY

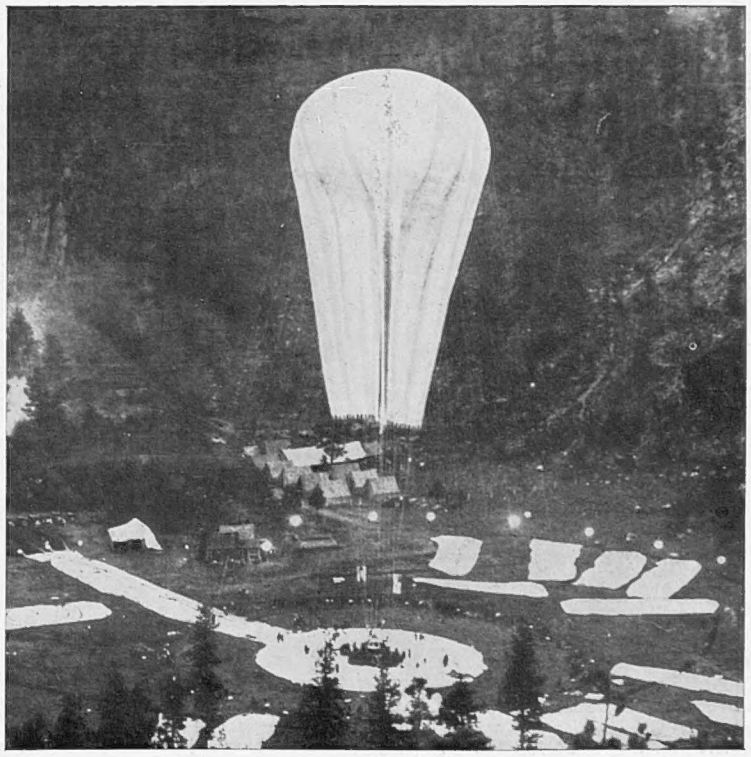
A STATE FUNERAL FOR A FRENCH EMPIRE BUILDER: The cortège leaving the church at Nancy during the funeral of Marshal Lyautey, the veteran soldier who served his country so well as Resident-General in Morocco

THE SERENITY OF DEATH: An impressive picture of the lying-in-state at Neudeck of Marshal von Hindenburg, the late German President. The wreath in the foreground was sent by the ex-Kaiser and placed on the bier by his son, the ex-Crown Prince William. The funeral took place on Tuesday at the Tannenberg Memorial, East Prussia

AUSTRIA'S THREE LEADERS: Major Fey (extreme left), Chancellor Schuschnigg, and Vice-Chancellor Starhemberg, walking in the procession through Vienna during the funeral of the police officers and men who were killed while attempting to quell the Nazi revolt

THE CHANCELLOR'S TRIBUTE: Herr Hitler inspecting a guard of honour outside the Kroll Opera House, Berlin, before delivering a stirring oration to the assembled Reichstag in memory of the late President Hindenburg. "This man," he said, during the course of his speech, "was for all of us the symbol of the indestructible, ever-renewed vital strength of our people"

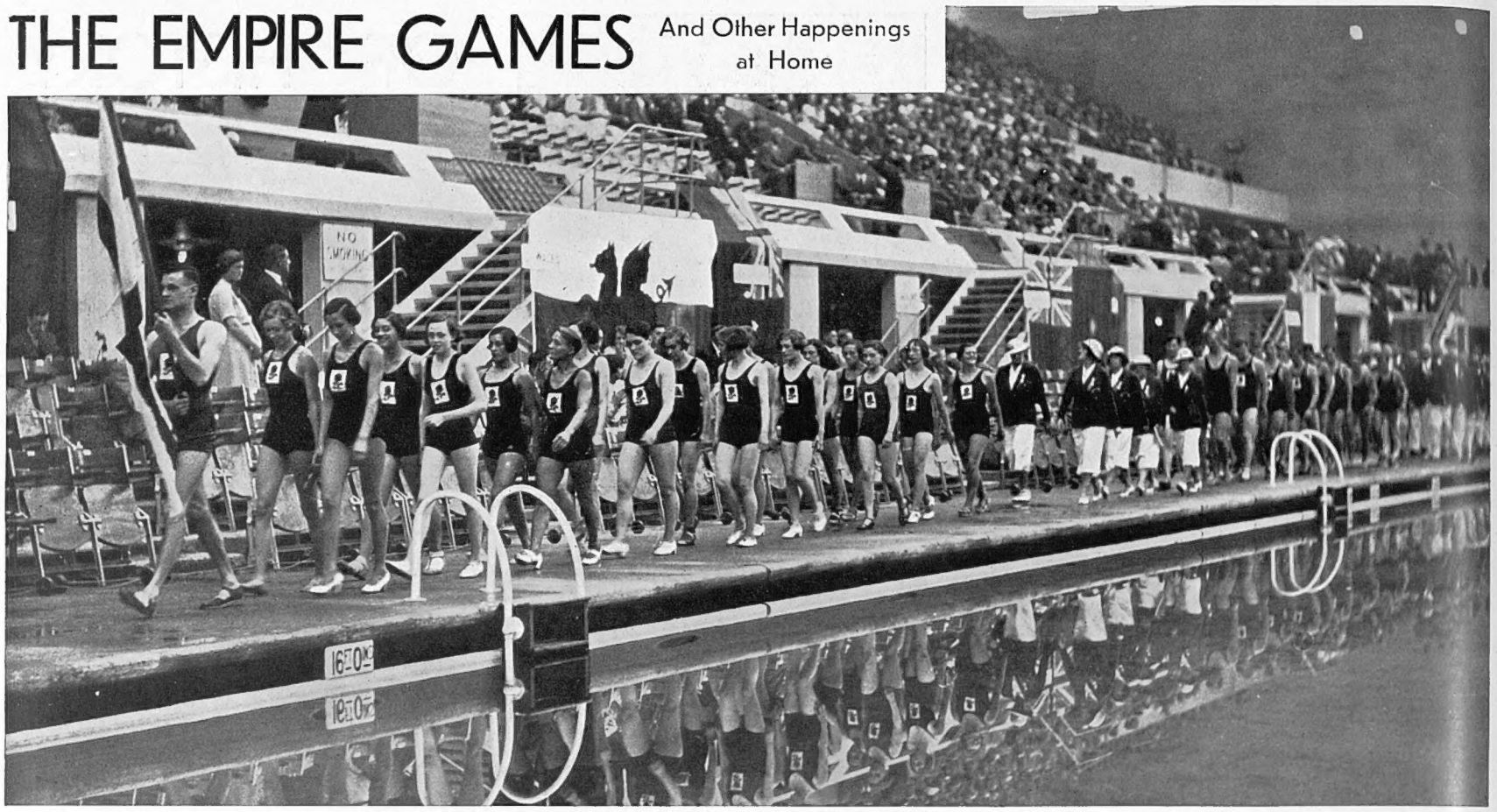
IGNORANT OF THEIR LOSS: Evi and Rudi (right), the children of Dr. Dollfuss, with Signora Mussolini and her children on the sands at Riccione, Italy. They have not been told yet of their father's death. It was at this resort that Signor Mussolini and Dr. Dollfuss held an informal conference last year



AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED: The giant balloon in which three Americans attempted to make a record flight into the stratosphere from Rapid City, South Dakota. During the ascent it crashed from a height of eleven miles" and the crew escaped by using parachutes

THE EMPIRE GAMES

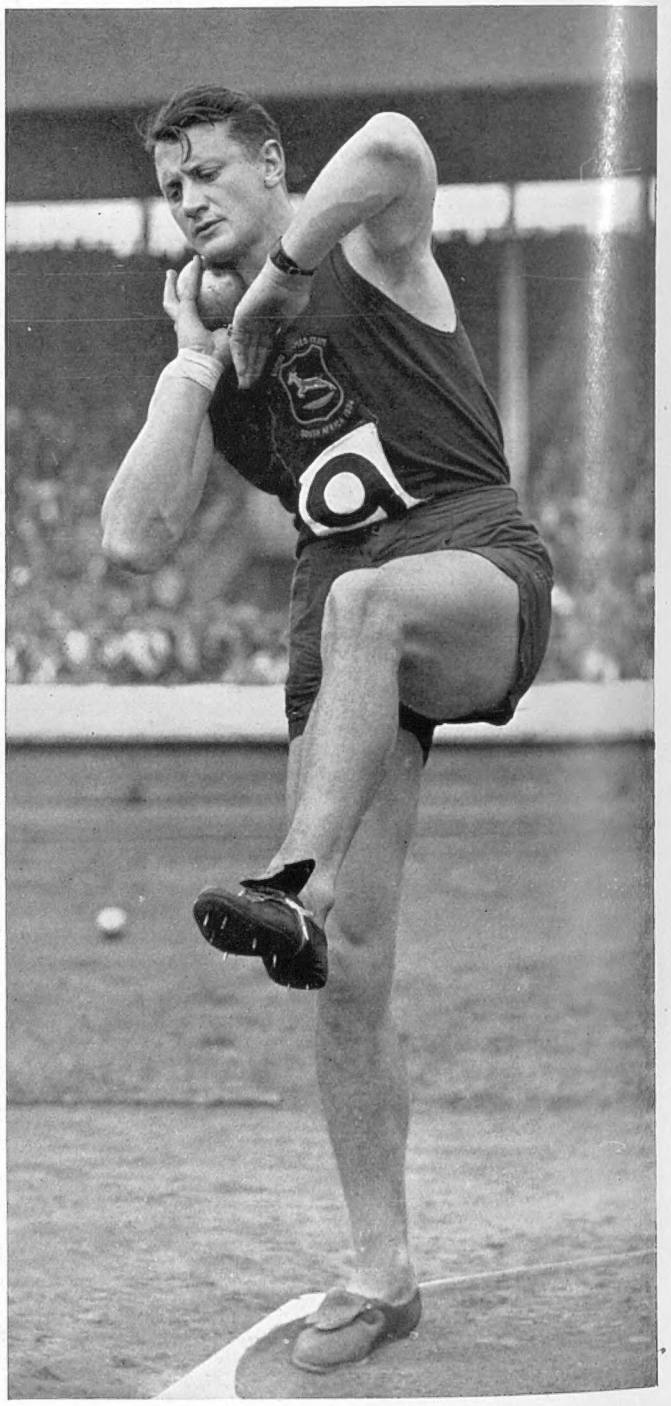
And Other Happenings at Home



THE CEREMONIAL OPENING OF THE EMPIRE GAMES: The teams taking part in the swimming events parading round the new pool at Wembley. On the second day there was a thrilling struggle between Ryan of Australia and Pirie of Canada in the 1,500-yards race. The former won by 2 ft.

THE MARCH OF THE CANADIAN ATHLETES after the opening of the Empire Games at the White City. The bands of the Brigade of Guards headed the teams in their parade round the arena

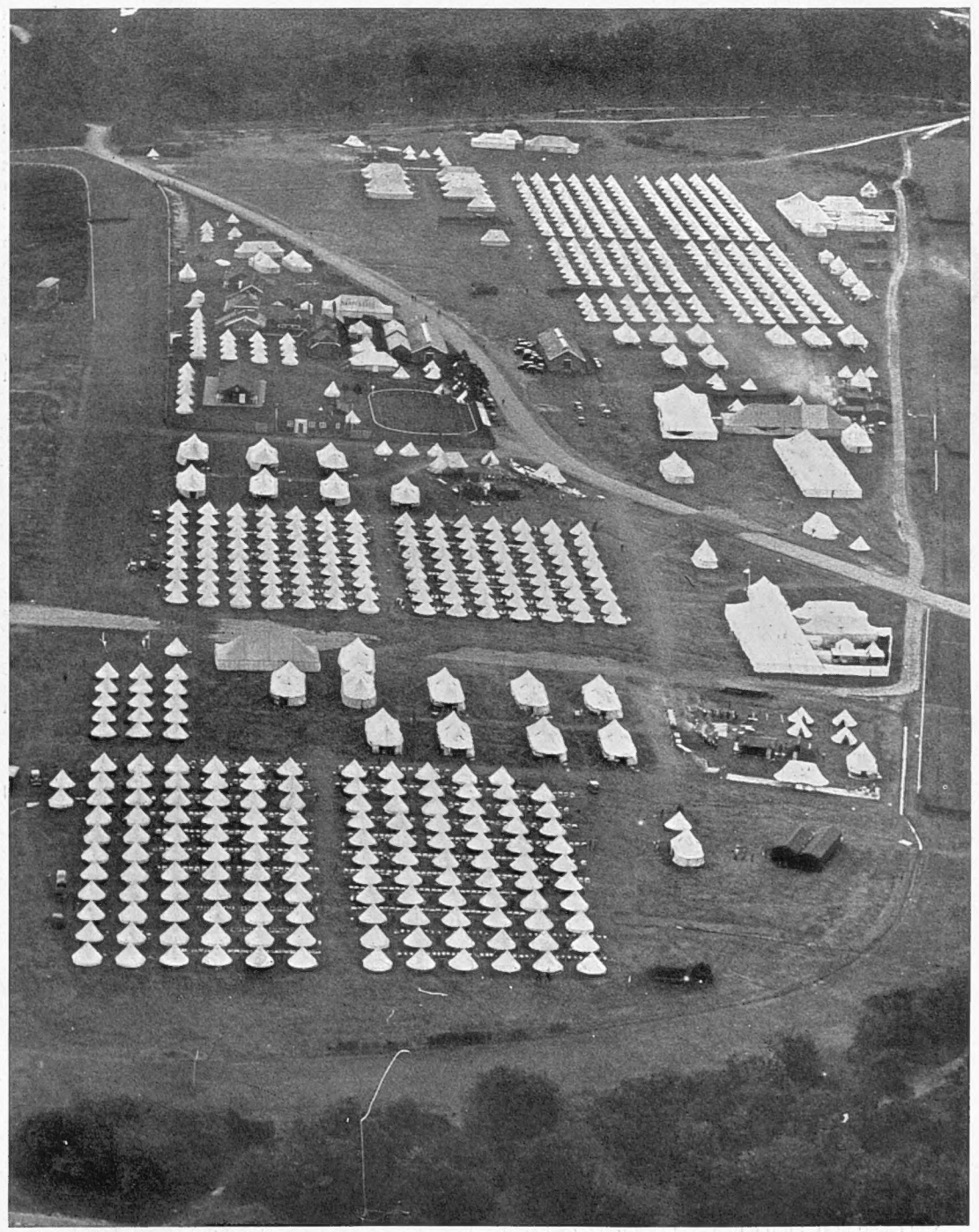
A WIN FOR ENGLAND: D. O. Finlay (second from left) winning the second heat of the 120-yards hurdles at the Empire Games. Later in the day he put up a magnificent performance in the final when he beat J. Worrall of Canada by 3 yards in $15\frac{1}{5}$ seconds



PUTTING THE 16-LB. SHOT: H. Hart of South Africa who beat R. L. Howland of England in the final of this event by nearly 4 ft.

BASKING IN THE AUGUST SUN: A crowded scene on the beach at Brighton where tens of thousands of Londoners spent the week-end. On Monday the weather was not so favourable as it had been on the two previous days, and, although the rain held off at many resorts, the sun took a holiday

THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS: City workers making their way across London Bridge on Tuesday morning in a downpour of rain

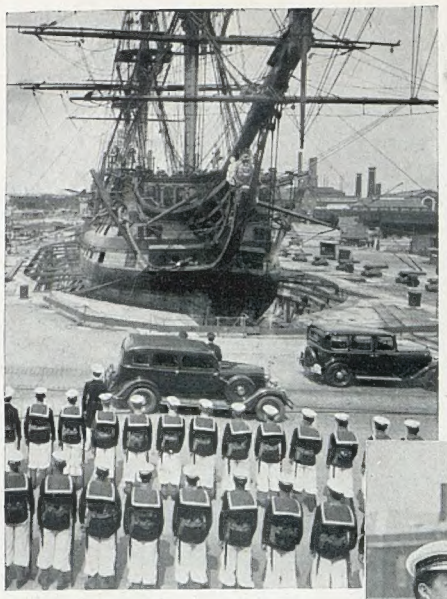


EIGHT DAYS UNDER CANVAS: An aerial view of the O.T.C. Camp on the Racecourse at Aldershot, where 4,000 public-school boys have been undergoing their annual training. They broke up a day earlier this year on account of the unfavourable weather

A DAY WITH THE NAVY

And a Bolt from the Blue

By EDWARD BRADDEN



A PLEA FOR MORE CRUISERS: Lord Beatty delivering his inaugural address from H.M.S. *Victory* at the start of Navy Week at Portsmouth last Saturday

NAVY WEEK at Portsmouth was ushered in with a shattering bang, the echoes of which are likely to reverberate for some time.

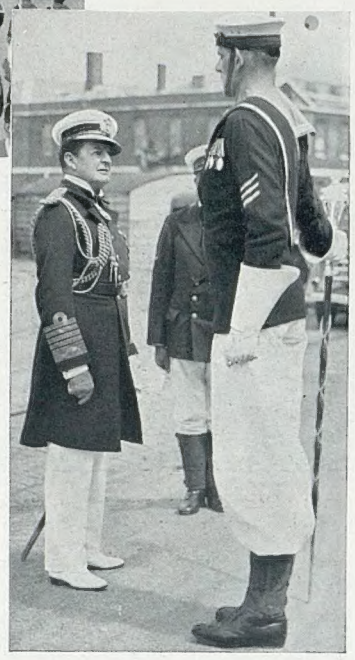
Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty fired a full salvo of devastating words. He told us that the Navy could alone guarantee our national security and that there was not enough of the Navy to do the job.

There he stood, perched up on the starboard cathead of H.M.S. *Victory*, the dashing but dauntless figure we know so well—Beatty of the cocked cap and the gold braid; another stripe and he couldn't have bent his arm. The old Beatty and yet a new Beatty; an older, sterner Beatty—the Beatty perhaps of the merciless eyes and indomitable jaw when he wrote for the morale of his men that terrible indictment of the German Fleet after its surrender. There he was, high up on the cathead outlined against a curtain of rigging. At his side was Sir John D. Kelly, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. And there could not have been a pleasanter morning for an unpleasant task.

Bright sunshine glinted on the poppling water. In the fresh Portsmouth breeze there fluttered overhead the bunting which once again broadcast Nelson's immortal message. "England expects"—well, Beatty was there that day to do his duty. And he did it. He did it, as he himself said, "on what was holy ground to a sailor. This was the proper place in which to call on the people of this country to do their duty by the Navy." The "people of this country" as typified by the gaping holiday crowd far below him were a bit uneasy. They had come for a "day out." And this was getting serious. Stout and sturdy fathers sucked at their pipes—suck, puff. Mothers shepherded their children. "To-day," cried the Admiral, "our lack of cruisers is deplorable." (Suck, puff.) "At the present time we have not got the number of cruisers we required to capture the *Emden* and the *Königsberg*." ("Stop shuffling, Bert.") "The time has come when the shackles which we accepted under the London Treaty should be repudiated." (Suck, puff.) "It was a proper day—the 4th of August—to do all in our power to see that there was no more war." ("Come 'ere, Alf, you limb.") "And the method of doing so is to see that you have a Navy big enough to preserve peace."

AN UNFORGETTABLE SPEECH made in an unforgettable setting. Well, that was that, and the "people of England" moved along to enjoy the excitements of the day. The pleasures and excitements were many, for the Navy has a lavish hand.

The programme was colossal. You could wander about the 33,000-ton *Nelson*, with her vast "hush-hush" turrets which house the 16-in. guns, or you could pace the 860-ft. length of the 41,000-ton *Hood*, the largest warship and fastest battle-cruiser in the world. There were minor attractions too numerous to mention in full. You could watch all the fun of "Crossing the Line," or the firing of torpedoes from destroyers, or a submarine being submerged or coming up to the surface. An uncanny show this, because the voice of the commander and the second in command came up from the depths. From the microphone overhead you could hear all the process of fighting that ship from the words "Take her down" to "Blow main ballast," which meant that the water which had submerged her was expelled by hydraulic pressure so that she came to the surface again.



THE HEIGHT OF EFFICIENCY: Lord Beatty talking to Drum-Major Hammond, who is 6 ft. 5 in. in height, while making his round of inspection at Portsmouth

Or you could watch the work of divers or be thrilled by the men using the Davis Escape Apparatus whereby the crew of a damaged submarine lying on the bottom can get free and make the surface. In the arena in the *Victory* area there was staged a great show—the Portsmouth Royal Naval Singers with their sea shanties; the King's Squad from the Royal Marine Depot, Deal, going through their intricate drill; cadets of the Cadet Corps of H.M.S. *Excellent* dancing the hornpipe; members of the Physical and Recreational Training School doing chair tricks which would fetch them hundreds a week on any music-hall stage; a Period Dress Display showing the various types of uniform worn by seamen since the earliest days of the Royal Navy and also by the Royal Marines since their formation in the year 1664.

And bands—everywhere bands—the finest bands of the Royal Marines playing with scarcely a break throughout the day. Or, if you were studious-minded, there was the museum; or, if sporting-minded, the shooting range; or, if you had too many children of tender years there was a playground in which to "park" them. Nothing was overlooked.

But for me the great marvel of Navy Week at Portsmouth was the "Yard" itself. And at Portsmouth it should be explained that the "Yard" means the Naval Dockyard and has no connection with a mere Metropolitan Police headquarters. The "Yard" is wonderful—it is like no place on earth. Securely sheltered by its inviolable wall, much of it is as it was in Nelson's time and before that. There are stray bits which are Jacobean; there are portions which date from Queen Anne. Early Georgian predominates, with here and there a dash of the Regency and much that is purely Victorian. It is, in fact, a rambling, picturesque, yet homely township—a lovely, dreamy, delicious English village which the public never saw till Navy Week arrived. And even now the public does not go to see a village which, even if they explored it they would probably think out of date. No, they go to see the nation's ships.

Rounding the stern of *Victory* you stand at gaze. There before you is something which for the moment you mistake for Plymouth Hoe. Silhouetted against the skyline crowds pass to and fro along the edge of this cliff. But it is no cliff. It is the upper deck of the aircraft carrier *Courageous*. H.M.S. *Nelson* may be, in fact, heavier and longer; but nothing conveys such an impression of height and endless length as does *Courageous*. Her walls rise up like the walls of a vast warehouse; her decks have the aspect of seaside promenades because they are unbroken. And now, too, they are empty. The forty-two aeroplanes which normally fill her great spaces have gone to various depots. Below the upper deck it is like walking through the echoing isles of some gigantic minster. High up they had prepared a tea-room which held at least 500 people.

But of all the recollections of that day there is one which I shall never forget, and perhaps because of the suddenness of the tragedy of the thing as it was brought home to me. Roaming, I came upon a bus. At least it was called a bus, though it was more like a miniature open charabanc. Beside it was a beaming bluejacket with a white band on his arm on which was stencilled "Bus Conductor." "Any more for the *Iron Duke*?" he vociferated. "Any more to see what they puts us through in the Navy? Complete display of peace and action routine!"

We bumped along endless quays and over a dozen bridges to No. 3 Basin. Then under a crane which stretched over my head like a leaning Big Ben, I sat on a plank and looked across the laughing water to where the great *Iron Duke* lay, a long, grey mass of beauty and of strength. It was "Colours." The guard and the band of the Marines marched on to the quarter-deck, the signal man reported 8 o'clock. The ship's bell struck eight bells. The colours were hoisted and we had begun a day on board one of His Majesty's battleships in peace and war—a day potted into an hour. And I must pot too.

DIVISIONS. Hundreds of men making for their stations at the double, while the band plays "I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside." A Physical Drill Instructor springs on to a gun turret. How he leaps up and down like some nautical Anton Dolin, while the men beneath him leap up and down like the members of a Russian ballet. A jolly scene. But now it's "Prepare for Sea," and the bugle sounds again. The anchor party musters on the fo'c'sle. A hundred men lay on the main derrick guys to bring the seven-ton launch up with a run. Next up comes the seven-ton anchor. The voice of the captain in the conning tower comes calmly across the water: "Half a head both starboard twenty." And now, though she never leaves her berth, it seems as though *Iron Duke* was moving through the sea. "Man overboard"—the most dread cry at sea. The siren shrieks. Men hurl themselves into the cutter as it is lowered away. "Hurry up cutter!" Will they get him? Yes, they've got him now.

The *Iron Duke* is making for harbour now and the hands are fallen in on the upper deck facing outboard and the band plays while the ship salutes the Flagship. She is anchoring now, booms and ladders and boats are being put out. The anchor rattles down. Sunset, the Colours are lowered by bare-headed men—bare-headed because they cannot salute—and the massed buglers play a fanfare. A stirring scene and the high notes of the bugles which die at last on the sunny stillness move one's heart.

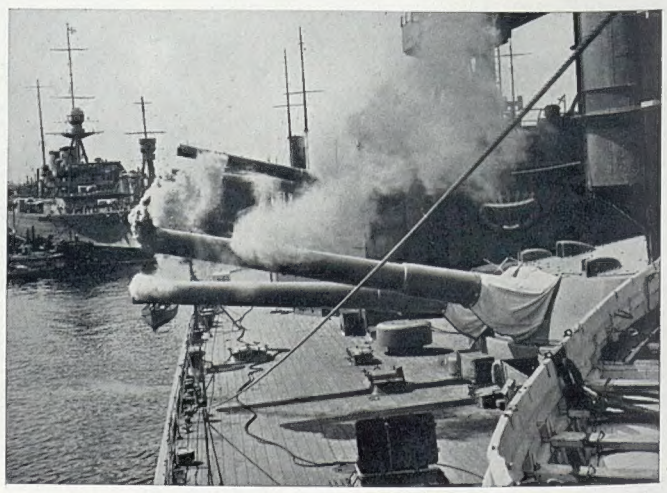
It was at this moment that my eyes fell upon the official guide and I began to read, almost without thinking at first, what I had not seen before:—

> The *Iron Duke* which was Lord Jellicoe's Flagship at Jutland is an ex-battleship of 26,250 tons displacement. She was demilitarized under the London Treaty, 1931-32. The revolving parts of the raised turrets, the conning tower, belt armour and torpedo tubes have been removed. Her speed has been reduced to 18 knots and her three foremost boilers mutilated.

So this great ship of the King on which I had seen live men was in reality a dead ship—and mutilated at that. Dead and mutilated by the London Treaty. I recalled then the words of Earl Beatty as they rang from the cathead of the *Victory*. No wonder that he said what he did about that treaty. And curiously enough there also flashed through my mind the words of Hindenburg—

> "To the English Trafalgar
> is a metaphoric jewel."

Perhaps Navy Week will assist us to keep it a little brighter than we have. It's time we did.



LIFE IN THE SERVICE as depicted in the sixty-minutes display on board H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, Lord Jellicoe's old flagship. *Left*—Morning exercises on the upper deck. *Right*—The big guns in action

GRACE in the OPEN

The Joy of Diving

BEAUTY RECUMBENT

A delightful camera study of a sun-bather

BEFORE THE PLUNGE

The diver, perched on a rock, surveys the sea

INTO COOL DEPTHS

The diver enters the water

THE CLIMB BEFORE THE SLIDE

On the ladder leading to the new water chute at North Berwick Pond

AT ANCHOR OFF COWES

By Chas. Pears, R.O.I.

A fair breeze, a blue sky, good company, and the best of everything.

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. *Brewers Since 1742*

Where Yachting Folk Forgather

BEFLAGGED FOR A REGATTA: Yachts on the river at Hamble, near Southampton—a favourite resort of sailing enthusiasts. There is a delightful club there with a swimming pool and with lawns and gardens sloping down to the water's edge

THIS FREEDOM

Holidaymakers taking tea on their boat on the Norfolk Broads, where the season is in full swing

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IN HIDDEN CHANNELS

Ingenious Ways in which Dope is Smuggled from Country to Country Described

By CHARLES GRAVES

TRANSIENT BLISS: A scene in a Chinese opium den

ONE of the most extraordinary things about the dope racket is the marvellous immunity enjoyed by the Big Shots.

At first sight you would think that once any of these international vermin were caught and exposed they would at once be put in prison for a number of years. Not a bit of it. All that seems to happen is that they are released on a ridiculously small bail, move elsewhere, lie low, and start up again. "Michelaere, Louis Lyon, Astras, Raskin, Saya Moses, Del Gracio, Ekram, Lorenzetti and Co. are the Drug Barons—the same dirty pack of cards" (to quote Russell Pasha) "reshuffled and still in use." Murderers, confidence tricksters, and false coiners of the same international reputation, are treated very differently.

Del Gracio is an American better known as Little Augie—just the kind of name that you would expect a gangster to have. He was one of the Eliopoulos gang which made a fortune out of heroin. Five years ago there were two rival gangs in competition for the American market, one of which was the Newman Brothers, represented by Little Augie their buyer, who dealt with the factory at St. Genevieve. One of the methods of this gang for smuggling drugs into the United States was to send them to New York in the baggage of a former Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires in Vienna and later in Oslo. For he possessed that priceless document, a diplomatic pass. It is said that during six different trips to New York via Miami, Montreal, and elsewhere, Bacula (for that was his name) brought in no less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of heroin. On one of these visits Bacula was in a New York hotel with 150 kilos of heroin in his baggage. Through one of the gang he sent out 50 kilos to be delivered, retaining the balance as surety for the payment of the rake-off. His messenger returned to the hotel with his head bandaged and bleeding, and declared that he had been held up and robbed.

NOT LONG afterwards Bacula received a visit from the notorious Jack Diamond, who himself was put on the spot later. Jack Diamond said he thought he could get back the stolen 50 kilos, and actually did bring back 30 kilos, stating that he had to sacrifice the remaining 20 kilos. Alarmed for the safety of his 130 kilos, Bacula agreed with Jack Diamond that this should be taken to the Central Hotel, 673 Broadway, and left there in charge of one of Jack Diamond's gang. This was a man named Wilhelm Kofler, who was sent from Vienna to keep watch on Bacula. Next day he was found dead in the hotel with his wrists slashed. The drugs had disappeared.

This is by no means the only occasion when heroin has been smuggled into a country by means of a diplomatic passport. The former Afghan Minister to Paris, who was later transferred to Moscow, was caught red-handed smuggling £6,400 worth of heroin in his trunks. Trunks with false bottoms are a favourite method of transporting heroin and other drugs. The whole trouble is, however, that heroin, owing to the high price paid for a small amount of it, can so easily escape detection in small but profitable quantities. Books with their centres cut out, hollow soap, dolls, corsets, the hollow keys of cheap German pianos, oranges, sardine barrels, olive tins, cigar boxes, infant food tins, not to mention machine parts, have all been used for the transference of the drug. Even the frames of oil paintings have been used in this way.

Looking through the files of the dope racket one sees that liner after liner, including the *Majestic*, the *Europa*, the *Mantua*, and *La France* have been used for smuggling drugs across the Atlantic. On one occasion £40,000 worth of drugs were concealed in a trunk on which the name of Sir Duncan Orr Lewis had been pasted by one of the smugglers in the anticipation that the owner's position in the world would prevent the Customs man from opening it. Fortunately Sir Duncan realized that the trunk, despite his name on it, did not belong to him, and it was immediately opened.

In Egypt the dope traffickers have gone to the lengths of concealing packets of heroin in the thick hairs on the humps of their camels, gluing the packages to the skin, and then gluing hair to the outside of the packages. The Fanny Gang, who operated also in Egypt, were discovered because they had such grotesquely fat calves on their legs compared with the rest of them. One impertinent smuggler planted a large quantity of drugs in a special saloon car ordered for Lord Lloyd on his way from Jerusalem to Egypt, in the presumption that the Governor's saloon car would not be searched. An even bolder gang tried to transfer a large quantity of opium in the form of slipper soles on a British warship, H.M.S. *Calypso*.

AMONG the recent arrests in Egypt was that of a landed proprietor who was seen carrying a cardboard box on which was the inscription "Decorated ladies' shoes." This box was found to contain a large quantity of drugs. In another instance the corners of a sofa were found to be the secret hiding place; while another trafficker, who was exposed, had the trick of lying by the wall in his street and putting the drug under his head. His clients came to him and took it from him as he lay there. The moment, however, he saw a policeman, he pretended to be asleep. A certain Hamza Hamazalla, one of the best known traffickers in Egypt, conducted his business under the cover of trading in cereals all over the countryside. Having noticed that the police were watching his movements, he married a number of wives, each one in a separate district so as to have an excuse for being continually on the move. Finally he was arrested, and he was found in possession both of hashish and opium. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labour, and a fine of £400. Unfortunately, the fines never produce any effect. In the course of the past two or three years more than a million pounds of fines have been inflicted in Egypt—a sum of money which would be of extreme value to the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau if it could be collected. The traffickers, however, transfer all their property to their wives, and thus are apparently penniless when sentence is passed on them.

I have referred to most of the clever devices of the drug trafficker, which include the exploitation of anything from perfumery boxes to gravestones, but actually all this is secondary to the main method, which is bribery. To quote Russell Pasha: "Without the connivance of Customs and other preventive officials, wholesale smuggling as it has been existing up to now in some countries would be far too risky a business and practically impossible." As it is, a dozen cases of machinery parts or caramels or tinned fruits arrive at some Customs House. Nine of them contain goods as invoiced, and in the three others the goods have been doctored and contain the drugs. These three cases have on them a secret mark known only to the consignor and his confederate in the Customs, who makes it his business to clear the goods himself. If by any chance the senior official not in the secret insists on having a sample case opened for inspection, he takes good care to see that it is one of the harmless cases that is inspected and not one of the marked ones. Disguise cannot of course be dispensed with entirely, but it is solid cash that gets contraband through in some parts of the world, and not just conjuring tricks."

DIFFERENT methods for smuggling are used in different parts of the world. America has suffered from the use of the homing pigeons, despatched from across the Mexican border with packages of heroin under each wing. This device has even been suspected in England. Here, however, the traffic is very small.

Every now and then excitement flares up, and the Devonshire and Somerset coasts, particularly round Dawlish and Minehead, are suspected. It is a fact that Home Office officials and the police have made strict enquiries about the movements of certain private yachts and motor boats on the English coast, and also have instructed the Customs officials at the various aerodromes to watch out for dope smuggling by private aeroplane—this being the simplest method of which one can think.

Some years ago in the days of Brilliant Chang, whom oddly enough I knew, as well as the late Freda Kempton, Pennyfields used to be the centre of the drug menace in England. That, however, is a thing of the past. London's Chinatown is a wraith of its former self.

All the Chinese of bad character have long since gone to Hamburg and Marseilles, unless deported to their native land. As I said, however, in my former article, there is a certain amount of doping going on in the West End, and I suspect that the Drugs Department at Scotland Yard in turn suspect that most of it comes into England on the persons or in the luggage of Continental and other cabaret singers.

What seems so extraordinary to me, and also to Russell Pasha, is that in view of the fact that only certain factories in certain countries make that acetic-anhydride acid without which morphine cannot be transformed into heroin, the proprietors are not compelled by international law to give an exact account of the amount they sell in the country to which it is sent, and the actual names of the consignees.

This seems to be tackling the menace at the very tap root.

MEANTIME the passing of the new Opium Monopoly Law in Turkey is likely to put a stop to large quantities of opium getting into the illicit market, but without question the most important advance will have been made when the Bulgarians make up their minds to set their house in order and close down their twelve factories. Only two months ago at Geneva the Bulgarian delegate said that he had no official cognizance of their existence, and yet Russell Pasha not only mentioned them by name, but even gave the name of the bank (the Bank of Macedonia) which finances them.

The head of the Bulgarian dope barons is Lazoff, who has one particularly large factory at Rodomir, all the activities of which were given in detail by the United States Government to the Bulgarian Government as long ago as last year. But still it goes on. As long as there are people who are weak minded enough to take drugs, there will be people to supply them.

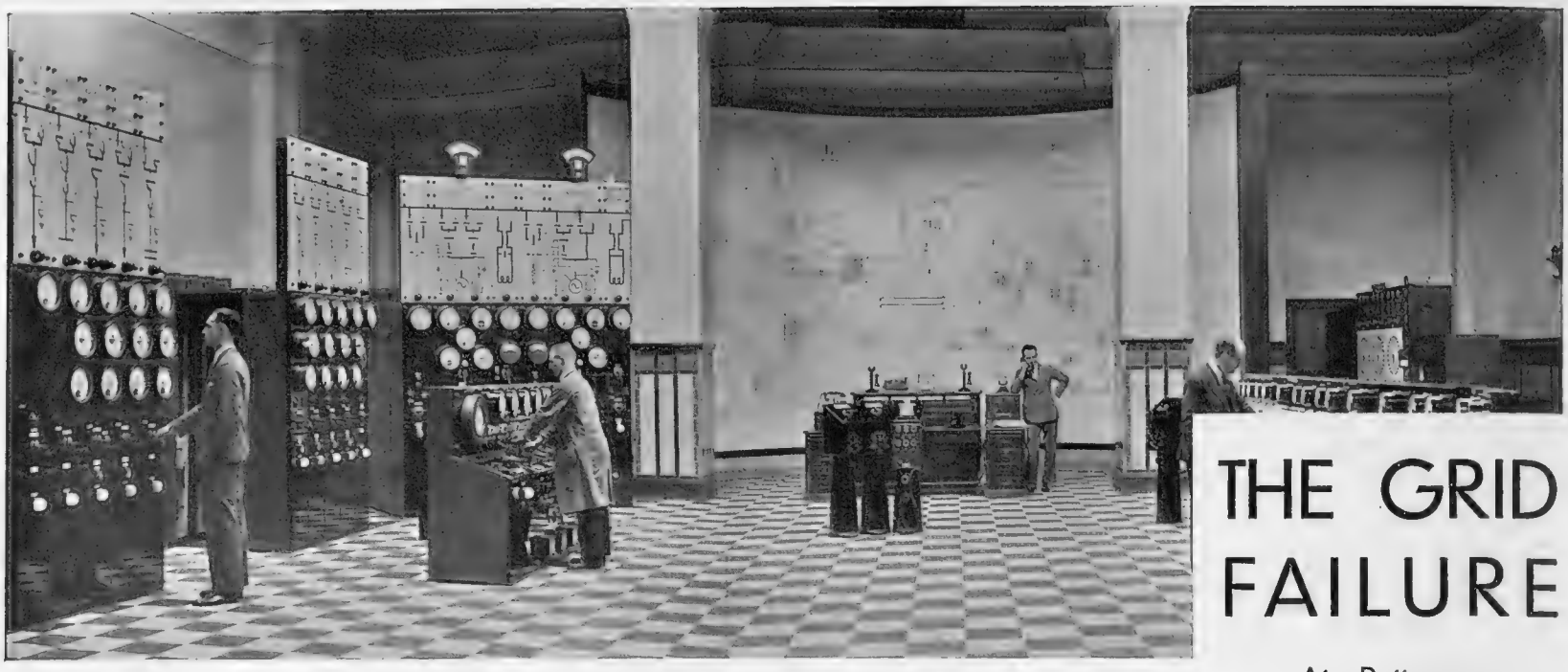
POPPY GROWING IN NORTHERN CHINA: Peasant women extracting the milky juice

THE PASSING OF GERMANY'S AGED PRESIDENT

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG who died at his country house at Neudeck on Thursday of last week. *Left*—As he was when Chief of the General Staff of the 8th Army Corps in 1897. *Right*—As a Field-Marshal during the Great War

IN LATER LIFE: *Left*—The President on his eighty-third birthday. *Right*—At his desk in the Presidential Palace in Berlin

With the death of President Hindenburg, Germany has lost her greatest and most revered figure. He was born before ever there was a German Empire, and has lived through one of the most turbulent eras in the world's history. While some may remember him as the victor of Tannenberg, and as one of the outstanding soldiers of his time, there is no doubt that his greatest work was done in the evening of his life. As President his steadying influence saved Germany from complete chaos. Hindenburg was born on October 1, 1847, and, after receiving a course of military training, joined the Prussian Army in 1865. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 he was present at the battle of Sedan and the siege of Paris, and afterwards was on the staff of the 1st Army Corps at Königsberg. In 1914 he was living in retirement in Hanover, but accepted the command of the German forces in East Prussia, and in August defeated the Russians decisively at Tannenberg. For his services he was made a Field-Marshal, and on August 30, 1916, was appointed Chief of the General Staff of the Field Army. In June, 1919, he went into retirement, but within six years his country called on him again, and he was elected President by a large majority. His absolute fairness in all his dealings won him the respect and admiration of the German people.



THE CONTROL ROOM AT BARKING POWER STATION

A failure occurred here after the breakdown at Battersea, as the available transmission lines were unable to stand the increased strain placed upon them

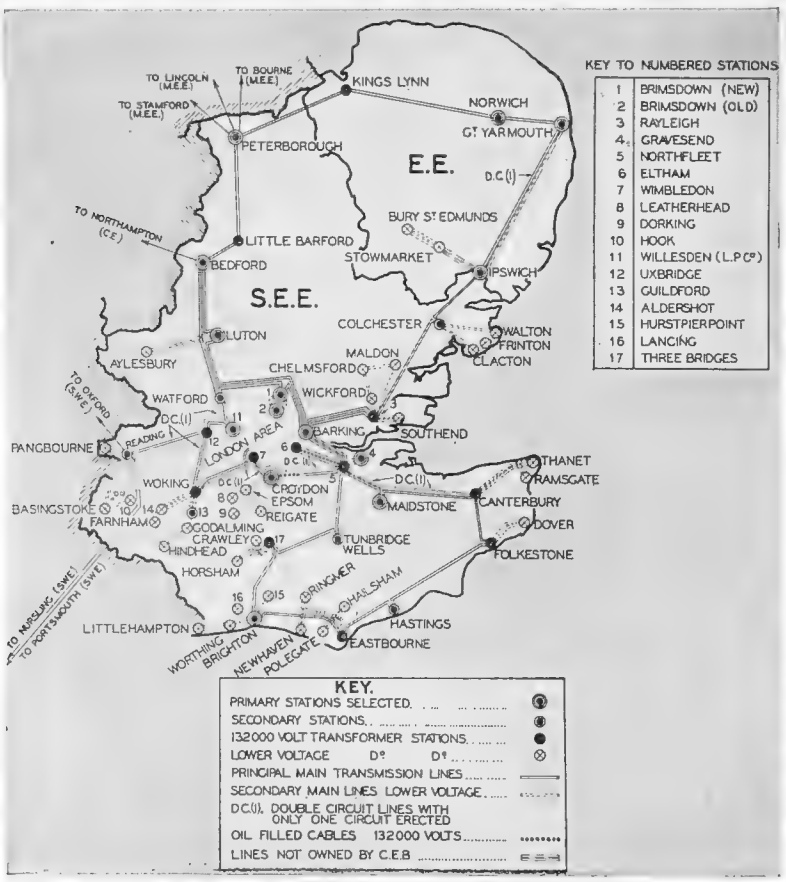
THE GRID FAILURE

At Battersea and Barking

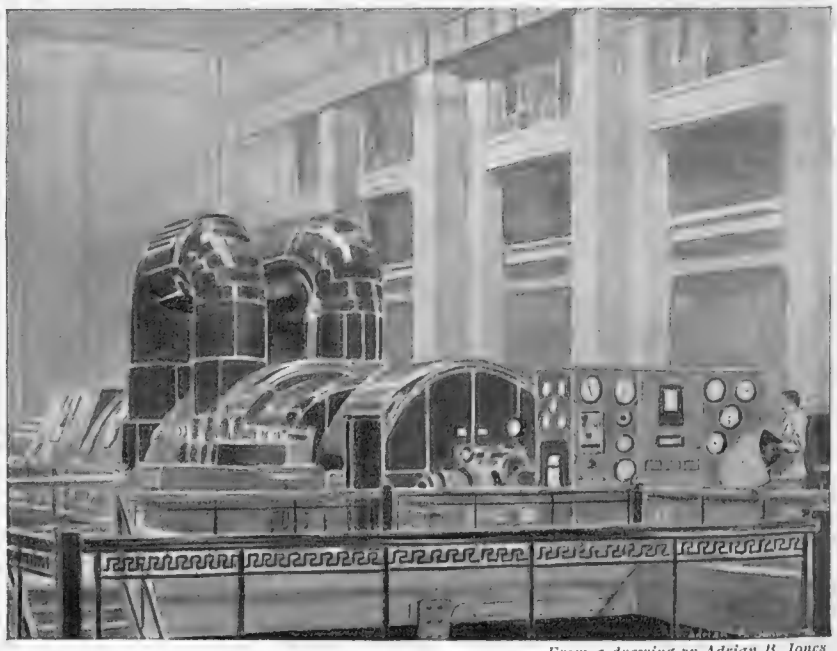
On Sunday of last week trouble which started at the giant Battersea power station dislocated the grid system of South-East and East England. Trams, the Underground, and lifts stopped, and housewives could not cook the Sunday dinner. In the evening the following explanation was forthcoming from the Central Electricity Board: "At 11.45 a.m. trouble developed at the Battersea power station of the London Power Company. The whole of the export of that company to the grid system of South-East and East England was interrupted, leaving the remainder of the stations to deal with the full load. Owing to the reduced demand on Sundays fewer stations were in active operation than ordinarily. They would have been able to carry the additional load, but the abnormal 'fault' current suddenly called for was beyond their capacity. In order to readjust matters it became necessary to disconnect the stations and start the system up again in sections. This accounts for the variation in the duration of the interruptions of supply throughout the area."

It appears that after the breakdown at Battersea, the load was picked up at Barking Station which was able to deal with it for a quarter of an hour. As it was Sunday, however, and certain transmission lines were out of commission, those that were left became "overloaded" and they in turn "tripped up."

WHERE THE TROUBLE BEGAN: An aerial view of Battersea Power Station. The breakdown was the biggest since the institution of the grid system and affected towns as far apart as Brighton and Peterborough



THE AFFECTED AREA: A diagram showing the towns supplied by the grid system of South-East and East England



From a drawing by Adrian B. Jones

ONE OF THE TWO LARGE TURBO ALTERNATORS AT BATTERSEA POWER STATION: When one of them failed, the other could not be brought into operation as it had been dismantled for examination

GREAT DAMS

In India and America

AN IMMENSE PROJECT COMPLETED: The Metur Dam, in the Madras Presidency, which is shortly to be declared open by His Excellency Sir George Stanley, Acting Viceroy of India. The work of construction has taken over ten years, and the dam is said to be one of the largest in the world. It has cost over £5,000,000

THE MADDEN DAM which is now in course of construction at Alhajuela on the Chagres River and which will supplement the flow of water during the dry season into the Gatun Lake section of the Panama Canal. This picture shows the entrance to the spillway and the traps for stopping floating debris

DEVELOPMENT IN THE TENNESSEE VALLEY: Building a bridge across the Clinch River just below the site of the Norris Dam. Thousands of unemployed are being put to work by the Government in this area, and when the waters are harnessed a large part of the State will be supplied with cheap electrical power. The whole scheme is to cost about 34,000,000 dollars and forms part of a nation-wide back-to-the-land movement launched by President Roosevelt when he first came into office

WHITHER DE VALERA?

Will his Dream of a Republic come True?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

CORK.

AT THE GATES of this property stands the burnt-out skeleton of what was once the proudest cavalry barracks in the south of Ireland. As we emerge on to the high road we read on a surviving wall—

Rancher, Beware,
Blueshirt, take care,
In a short time
You won't be here!

(Rancher: republican label for large owners of land and stock.) Along the road, almost at the next village, Michael Collins was shot. Just over the hill, facing my window, occurred the affair of the Dripsey ambush, which led to a Mrs. Lindsay and her chauffeur being (it is related) buried alive for giving advance knowledge to the British of a ditch cut across the road; "intelligence" that was to have a devastating sequel for the diggers. In a neighbouring field, live on the parents of a mourned and legendary youth whose furtive gunmanship is said to have earned him a dozen notches.

All this is long ago. Maybe so. But I write from Ireland. . . .

On the way over from London, I read standard works by Stephen Gwynn and H. V. Morton. Written in the last two or three years, yet how they seem to deal with a different Ireland to this one; as with a finished and moulded (Cosgrave) State, as if the decade following the Treaty had definitely fashioned something peaceful, prospering and durable in Irish life and history, whereas I sleep to-night in a country in full process of attempted evolution—I say "attempted" advisedly since this is the first time that an effort has been made to lead the Irish through a prolonged programme of political evolution, as distinct from the usual revolutionary somersaults, and no one knows how the experiment is due to proceed. One thing only is certain; it is absolutely necessary to take the long view. Mr. De Valera is following much the same policy of trial and error as Mr. Roosevelt, but here something rather more than a New Deal is at stake. A battle royal is on for the birth of a nation, and its protagonists realize that it is now (in the next decade or so) or presumably never (within an appreciable span of time). England may have to ask herself at some future date how far it is wise to let Ireland injure herself in this battle.

VIEWED superficially, Fianna Fail, the Government Party, would appear to be hopelessly misguided and listed for a fade-out. Consciously and systematically, it is turning from that which Providence gave Ireland above all other countries: fields that fatten livestock as nowhere else the world over, and fracturing if not wrecking the prime, the hitherto only serious, means to existence most of Ireland possessed. Never was more damaging policy inflicted by government on its own nationals, or on the bulk of these. A colossal and most painful operation is being essayed, aimed at recasting entirely the rôle that Nature in her climatic wisdom laid down for Ireland. This is being done in order that Gaelic culture and the Gaelic tongue may re-enter into their own. It is much as if Mr. Lloyd George, re-installed in power, suddenly began legislating industrial England overnight into a sweet and pleasant land of potatoes and pork. No less sudden and amazing halt has occurred on this side of St. George's Channel than would ensue upon such dictatorial Churt-ing, under which a Lord Morris would be told to go and look after himself, for Farmer Giles to be reared up on high in his stead, and pandered to and coddled, to the mortal hurt of all your Coventrys.

Need I say that *the* question of current Ireland is: can Mr. De Valera get away with it? Or will the process of weaning prove too much? Will the people stick it—the hard-hit majority? Let so much be said, at any rate: I have talked with all kinds of people—with "loyalists," I.R.A., Devaleraites, Cosgrave Party, Communists, farmers, priests, and in few quarters but prevails admiration for what Mr. De Valera is *trying* to do. If only it could be done! After all, if you change latitudes and come over here, the thing is understandable enough. In the present charming state of Europe and the world, why shouldn't a diminished people of great inheritance and spirit seek to disconnect from vital dependence upon others and to set up its own self-contained house? Why shouldn't it try so to ordain things as to be outside of other people's wars and revolutions and bombings and super-slumps? Mr. De Valera's attempted remodelling is at least proceeding under one favouring condition, namely, he is striking not only in a singularly empty and fertile, accessible land, but at a time when the matter of the distribution of a nation's real wealth has gone clean into the melting pot, right and left. No one knows of the coincidence better than Mr. De Valera. What (you can hear him say) do the majority of people want to-day? They want the creature comforts of life and the ability to enjoy their leisure—jingling money is not necessary, at least not to Irishmen.

YOU WILL HEAR a deal about Mr. De Valera relying on an appeal to greed and hate, that his strength resides in his constantly dangling grievances and promises, and no doubt much of it is true, yet the fact remains that (the man's magnetic spell-binding of the Gael apart) the human condition of masses of the common people, labourers, peasants, and the like, has been bettered in the past thirty months. The meat can't be sold so it goes freely instead into stomachs that in the past knew only potato stew. Such may not be economics, but coupled with Mr. De Valera's pledge to give every landless man his acres, it has its direct appeal.

The point is: will all the fronts Mr. De Valera has elected to fight on prove too much for him? Will the fabric hold together while he builds up south of the Boyne an edifice for eventual merging into an all-Ireland Republic that may not be realizable for a generation? For that is the long view, the big idea—to show one day an ultra-modern State to Ulster, in the shape of the Twenty-Six Counties, and to say, "Well, what about it? In your own interest, eh?" Nor should one dismiss the whole thing as moonshine. We move fast these days; rather say that it is a terrific gamble for which three-quarters of Ireland have got to pay, are already doing so.

But the difficulties crowding in upon the would-be architect of this new Ireland! Serenely as he may be doing it, Mr. De Valera is sailing into swirling waters indeed. The general belief is that his Budget surplus is just paper juggling, and that with a gradual cessation of the payment of rates and annuities alike, by a community either all-farming or conspicuously dependent thereon, and varyingly bankrupt or pauperized, a show-down may come fairly soon. More seizures and distraints loom ahead than occurred in the heyday of the land wrangle with Britain. I witnessed one here in Cork. Because certain farmers did not pay their annuities, their cattle was seized and sold amid turbulent scenes. Sixteen head went for £12 to a mysterious Mr. O'Neill who had to be later escorted out of the city. He and his cows were headed for Dundalk under armed guard. "If you stay long enough," observed a friend, "we'll probably be mobilizing tanks to protect whole herds." Of course, that sale cost the Government far more than the lost annuities; it also drove the farmers to fury and if repeated wholesale round the country, as seems likely, may serve considerably to undermine Mr. De Valera's position. Yet the latter doesn't profess to care. He says: "I'll seize and confiscate right and left and endow the at present landless man"—though how this son-of-a-gun can be expected to make both ends meet any better than his predecessor is hard to discern.

Again, all the time Mr. De Valera's experiment endures, the country's unique pasturage will be deteriorating, as the cattle grazing upon it shrinks away in number. And the Government will be compelled to entrench monopoly more and more; and prices seem destined to rise and rise in a land where incomings are sinking and sinking. As an instance: butter is exported from here to England and sold at 4d. a lb. cheaper. But, above all, local finance will sag and sag, and maybe this is the real danger-spot for the Administration.

THE IMPETUOUS IDEALIST: President De Valera addressing a meeting of his supporters

MEANWHILE, Mr. De Valera sees around him a trio of grim foes. Fine Gael—which is out for an all-Ireland Dominion, asks you rather pathetically if even 75 per cent. of former English markets can ever be recaptured, and which didn't do at all badly at the recent politico-municipal elections—has an eminently straightforward platform. It holds that 60 per cent. of the population of the Free State are agriculturists in one form or another, but have less to say from an agricultural point of view than the other 40 per cent., which is all the stranger in that at least half of those who pass as non-agriculturists depend on agriculture for their living as much as do the farmers and farm-workers. Most of this 40 per cent. remainder has to depend upon catering for the country people who, even members of the Government admit, are terribly hard hit.

"What, then," asks the *Cork Examiner*, "is the joke of establishing subsidized industries at the expense of the taxpayer and the consumer if by the time they get going people are unable to buy their produce? Can any man deny that it must be a serious matter for the whole population if the greater part of it be hard hit? A certain artificial air of prosperity obtains in some quarters as the result of a lavish distribution of borrowed money and the produce of excessive taxation, but a country that depends on that kind of thing is bound to collapse when the wells of credit run dry . . . Every class of person is consulted as to what ought to be done (over farming) except the people whose tradition and personal training qualify them best to express an opinion. In no other country in the world can the majority of the population be driven by a small minority as happens at present in the Free State. But then the majority are themselves responsible for the absurd position. Too many of them prefer to listen to the chanting of hymns of hate against John Bull, or like punishing Strongbow and Oliver Cromwell better than good economics and hard work."

THE BLUESHIRTS are, hanging on to Mr. De Valera with terrier persistence. They are not quite as clear as they might be, and whether their claim to 120,000 enrolments be correct is open to question. It is a bad thing for them that their chief, O'Duffy, is as poor a politician and speaker as he is brilliant as organizer. He puts his foot in it every time—as when he promised an election walk-over latterly—and should be gagged for the good of his cause and case. Blueshirt policy is vague, namely, that the will of the majority must prevail, whatever it may be.

Finally comes the I.R.A. (always pronounced I.R.R.—I got pounced on). Their paper, *Phoblacht* (the Republic), is entirely eloquent. In the present issue, General Twomey, Chief of Staff, reminds that all too many Irishmen have died fighting for England whereas "the only rôle of an Irish fighting man" is to die fighting against that country. In an adjacent column, Maud Gonne tilts into "banking usury" in near-Communist style. It is this attitude which has so genuinely alarmed the priests and caused many to rally to Fine Gael. But they may have left things until too late, having in

(Continued on p. 234)

CHIEF OF THE BLUESHIRTS: General O'Duffy who, according to Mr. Tuohy, is a poor politician and speaker but a brilliant organizer

ROUNDING UP COMMUNIST AGITATORS who were held to be largely responsible for the riots during the recent strike in San Francisco. *Left*—Members of the newly-formed Anti-Radical Police Force bundling some of the arrested men into a Black Maria. *Right*—The Communists in court. Many of them were found to be aliens who had no right to be in the country at all, and consequently they will be deported

A BATTLE ON THE WATERFRONT: After order had been restored in San Francisco, fighting broke out in Seattle. This picture shows strikers being routed by the police with tear and nausea gas bombs. In the streets of the city hand-to-hand encounters took place and scores of men were injured

GENERAL DENAIN, the French Minister for Air, alighting from his 'plane at the Dron Flying Field, Lyon, after witnessing a series of manœuvres carried out by the Air Force

COMBATING A MENACE: Pigeons at Graz, Austria, were multiplying so rapidly and dirtying the city to such an extent that the residents started shooting them. In order to put a stop to the slaughter, and at the same time to reduce the numbers of these birds, pigeon lofts have been placed in the trees and on garden walls, and men have been detailed off to go round and collect a proportion of the eggs

THE YOUNG VISITORS: These Dutch students arrived in New York a few days ago on the S.S. *Statendam* and were welcomed by the city's education authorities. They are now engaged on a good-will tour

THE TORADJAS OF CE

A Little-Known Native Race and its St

A TYPICAL TORADJA DWELLING: The natives are not great architects and, although the woodwork on their houses is often beautifully carved, the walls are in constant danger of collapsing. The overhanging gable is most curious

A FAMILY TOMB: Every time a native is buried here a tao, or carved wooden effigy, is placed in a niche in the rock. These death guards are supposed to keep watch and see that the relatives of the dead man regularly come with offerings

"ESCAPE ME NEVER": Before offering their pigs for sale the Toradjas bind them securely to rods of bamboo and suspend them over a stream to be washed. They are afterwards carefully groomed

MISS HELEN FISCHER who visited Central Celebes to photograph the Toradja natives. With her is a diminutive member of the Dutch Colonial Police Force

Celebes, the most curiously-shaped island in the world, lies to the east of Borneo and directly south of the Philippines. It is a Dutch colonial possession and is noted for its wild and beautiful scenery. The Bugis and Mangkassars of the southern peninsula are the dominant native race and are great seafarers and traders. The dwellers in the interior, with whom this page deals, are much more primitive and even now comparatively little is known of them. They are small in stature, are not fond of work, and have many curious and unique customs. Miss Helen Fischer, who took these pictures, describes how when she arrived among the Toradjas "one of the richest men in the tribe had been dead two years, and during this time his relatives had remained in the house with the securely-boxed corpse"

ENTRAL CELEBES

Strange Burial Customs

DAUGHTERS OF A CHIEF

When only four or five years old the native girls are sent to live with relatives in order to prevent them from becoming spoilt

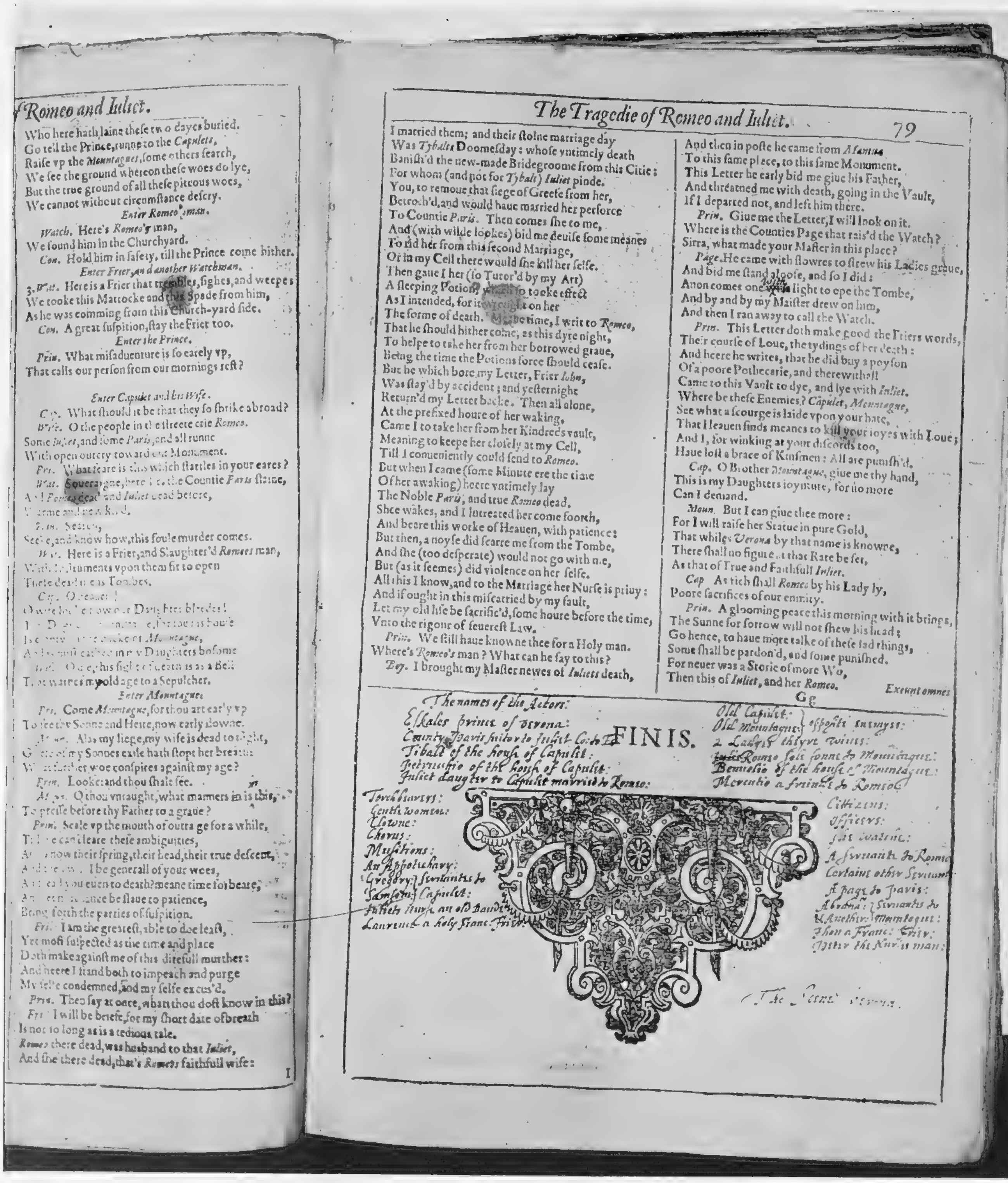
THE HILL OF THE DEAD

On right—After a member of the tribe has died the body must remain in the house of relatives for about two years, until the traditional death rites are completed. It is then taken to this rock and laid to rest. *Above*—Another picture of the effigies which guard the tombs

THE LAST JOURNEY: Carrying the body of a chief to the Hill of the Dead where he will be placed in the family tomb

A NEW SHAKESPEARE FOLIO

Annotations Which Were Probably Made Only a Few Years After the Publication of the Volume



Romeo and Iuliet.

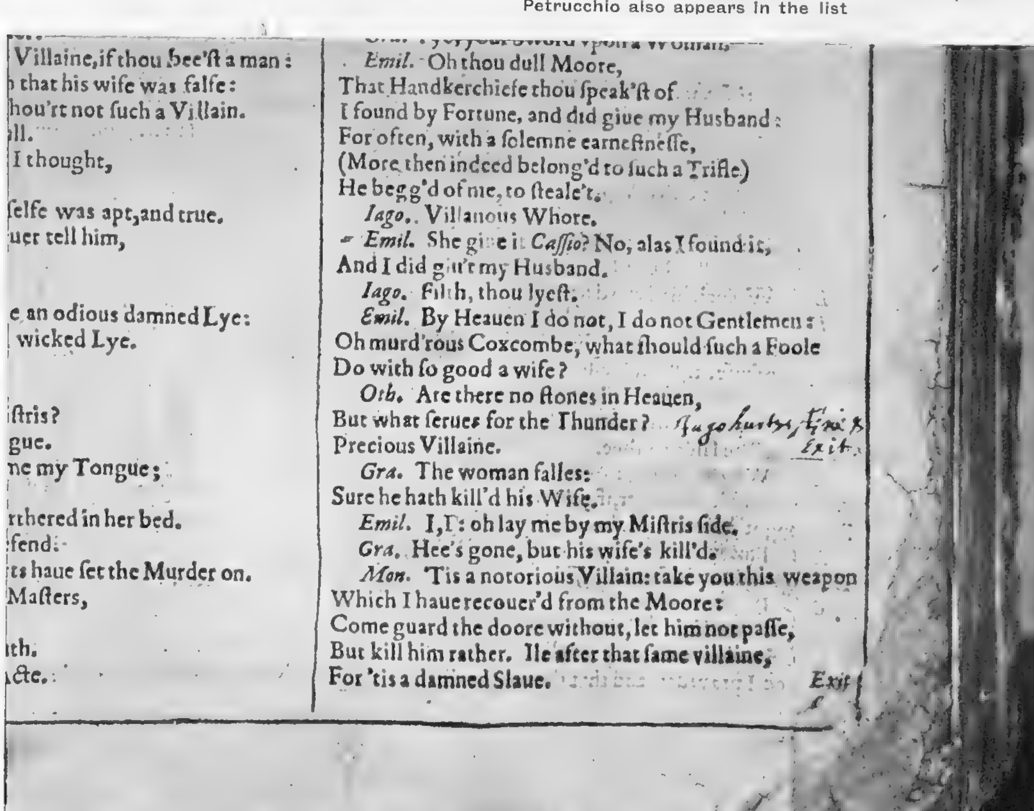
Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.
Enter Romeo's man.
Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.
Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3. Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.
Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?
Enter Capulet and his Wife.
Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.
Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wife. O me, this sight of death is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.
Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?
Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. 79

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.
Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?
Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poste he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?
Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.
Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.
Moun. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.
Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.
Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

A LIST OF THE CHARACTERS IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" written on the final page of the play. This annotator, who probably lived in the reign of Charles I, gives the name of the Prince of Verona as Escales and not Escalus, as in modern editions. A character Petrucchio also appears in the list



Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
that his wife was false:
hou'rt not such a Villain.
ll.
I thought,
selfe was apt, and true.
uer tell him,
e an odious damned Lye:
wicked Lye.
stris?
gue.
ne my Tongue;
rthered in her bed.
fend:
ts haue set the Murder on.
Masters,
th.
cte.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyest.
Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what serues for the Thunder? Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit*

There has recently come into the possession of Mr. Gabriel Wells, the well-known book expert of New York, a hitherto unknown copy of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623 seven years after the playwright's death. It is remarkable in that it is annotated in a handwriting which places the work of this commentator in the reign of Charles I, and by the courtesy of Mr. Wells we are here able to reproduce two characteristic annotations from the volume. One gives a list of characters for *Romeo and Juliet* and another gives stage directions in the final moments of the Othello tragedy, a useful divergence from present-day editions.

This particular copy of the "First Folio" comes from the library of a noble family where it has lain undisturbed since the year 1700; it is not recorded in the late Sir Sidney Lee's list of first folios—that is, the big folio-sized volume which contained all Shakespeare's plays, and without which some of them would be unknown to us. Others were published in the now highly expensive quarto form in the playwright's lifetime.

The various manuscript emendations and stage directions which give the Folio its special importance have been submitted to Mr. H. Idris Bell and Dr. Flower of the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. The handwriting is not an unusual one and cannot be attributed to any known commentator, but it is understood that there is general agreement that the annotations were made in the reign of Charles I, and probably not many years after the publication of the Folio; it is quite possible that the unknown annotator had seen many of the plays performed in Shakespeare's lifetime.

The *dramatis personæ* which have been added by the commentator are in several cases absent from the printed work, and stage directions have been written in where none appeared, or corrected in places where they are erroneous. The corrected readings of passages in the plays will probably prove the most important of the MS. additions. As yet their value to scholarship cannot be estimated, since no complete list of the emendations has been made public. They make the volume, however, the earliest known emended copy of Shakespeare. The unknown possessor clearly was an enthusiastic Shakespearean and it may be that a close examination of the book will show that later scholars have gone completely astray in their conjectures on obscure passages.

On left—THERE ARE ALSO SEVERAL STAGE DIRECTIONS by the unknown annotator which do not appear in the First Folio. He was careful to insert, "Iago hurts Emilia. Exit," at a much more appropriate place. Othello's ejaculation "Precious Villain" is thus given more meaning

JOHN HARVEY OF CASTLE SEMPLE: A portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn. It is one of five old masters which have been presented to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, by Mrs. J. Willis Dalzell

THE ART OF JOHN ZOFFANY

Two of His Works in the Saleroom

JAMES SAYER AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN: This fine portrait by Zoffany was recently sold at Sotheby's for £1,020. It had never before been put up for auction

○

It has been only during the present century that dealers and collectors have interested themselves to any extent in the works of John Zoffany. In 1905 this artist's auction maximum stood at 420 guineas, and ever since then the demand for his pictures has risen rapidly. In 1929 three of his conversation pieces produced a total of £20,000 in the saleroom, and in the same year 7,000 guineas were paid by an American dealer for his fine painting of the Dutton family. Zoffany was born in Ratisbon in 1733 and at an early age ran away to study art in Rome. Five years later he came over to England and appears for some months to have been on the verge of starvation. By 1762, however, he was prospering and his dramatic scenes and conversation pieces were attracting general attention. He died in 1810 at Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick

THE SAYER FAMILY

Another Zoffany picture which recently fetched £980. Mr. Robert Sayer, who is seen on the right, was a well-to-do eighteenth century print seller

WESTON BIRT: The imposing Gloucestershire home of the late Sir George Holford which has been turned into a school for girls

Destruction by Taxation

Death Duties which Help the Exchequer but make it Impossible for the Great Estates to be Maintained

OF LATE the rich men of Britain have been dying, to use the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "up to expectation."

In the past few months several men who had the reputation of being rich have died, and the popular Press has been able to make frequent use of the headline, "Another Windfall for the Exchequer." The revenue figures show the extent of these "wind falls." In the last financial year, that which ended on March 31, 1934, revenue from estate and succession duties amounted to £85,270,000. In the first three months of the present financial year revenue from the same source has amounted to £22,630,000. In the twenty years, 1914–15 to 1933–34, the total amount paid in estate duty, legacy duty, and succession duty was £1,142,000,000, and of this sum over £764,000,000 has been paid since 1922–23.

At first sight this would seem to be a noble assistance to the national finances, an apparent benefit to the nation as a whole, and a justification of our present system of estate taxation. But there is another side of the picture, to which Lord Lothian recently drew attention, the destruction of the great estates by the payment of these death duties. It is a process that has been going on for seventy years at an accelerating pace. Evidence of it is furnished by the following extracts from a weekly paper that deals particularly with the sale of property: "Eastern Counties Estate of rather over 1,000 acres for sale. . . . The agricultural portion of the property comprises nine farms." "—— Hall and 1,733 acres between Bury St. Edmunds and Thetford . . . have been sold, the vendors being the —— trustees. Messrs. —— will shortly sell the contents of the mansion." Those are typical extracts from a list that could be continued almost without end. It is next to impossible to-day to take any twenty square miles of agricultural Britain in which there are not one or more grand old houses standing empty, often with their owners living over the stables or in the gate-keeper's cottage, and with the "For Sale" boards glaring at the roadside. Slowly but surely the owner of the great estate and even the lesser landed gentry are being taxed out of existence.

WITH WHAT RESULT? In seeking the answer, I cannot do better than quote a typical example of which I have personal knowledge. It concerns an estate in Surrey, not particularly large—about 2,500 acres—but always kept in magnificent condition. It provided employment for twelve servants in the house, five in the stable yard, seven in the gardens, and eight on the home farm. Tenants provided work for more on their farms. In 1917 the owner died, leaving sufficient money to justify his being described as a rich man. Death duties were heavy but sufficient was raised with difficulty to pay them. Then fifteen months later his heir, the only son, was killed at Beaumont Hamel, and duties again became payable. The house had to be shut, six indoor servants had to be dismissed, the garden staff was cut to three. Still there was not enough to pay the duties, and the inevitable partition of the estate took place.

To-day there are rows of "desirable" bungalows—doomed to be a slum within ten years—standing on the ground from which age-old trees have been uprooted. The house remains empty and is rotting into decay. The gardens are a wilderness of weeds, with here and there a rose struggling for existence. The stables are storehouses for builders' tools, the yard a dumping ground for bricks and concrete. I tried a little time ago to trace some of the community that lived as happy, contented workers on that estate. All save three have left the district, and one of the three is spending his last days in what used to be called the workhouse, and in these democratic days is known as the "institution." And yet there exists still the bond between this old man and those he served. Every month there comes a letter and some little present from the widow of his former employer, and every three months a visit, though it must break her heart to see the destruction of what had been three centuries in the making. But that is what "another windfall for the Exchequer" really means.

PRIVATE VIEW DAY before an auction in one of England's old homes. In a large proportion of cases crippling death duties are the cause of such sales

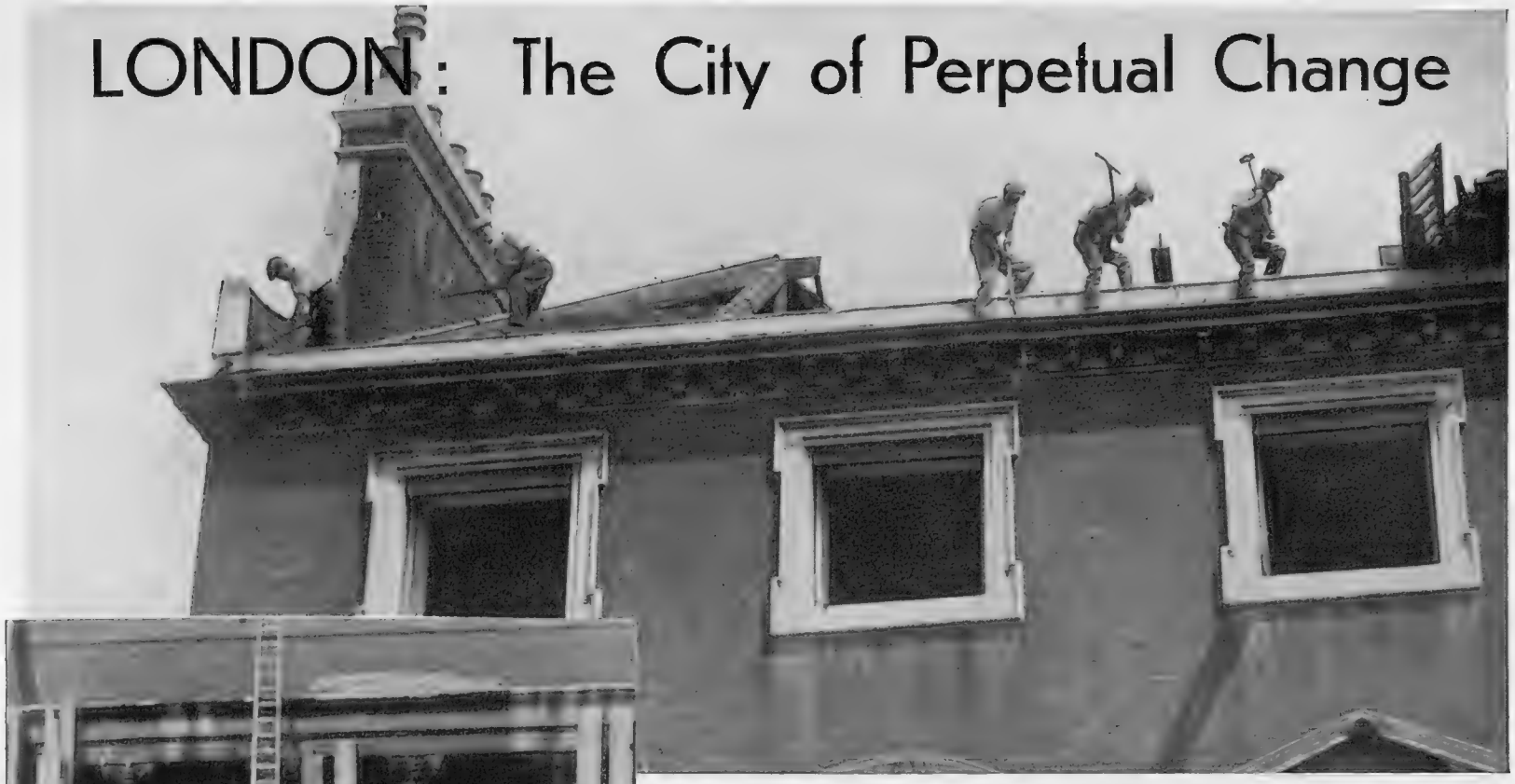
Death and succession duties are achieving the very end for which certain political parties have been aiming for years. It may be argued that the national revenue benefits, but agriculture, our basic industry, is the loser. The partition of an estate, or the burdening of it with a heavy load of taxation, means first and foremost less work for the community, often a whole village, dependent upon it. It means less care for the countryside. Most of the big estate owners kept their places in apple-pie order. Go where you will to-day and you will find broken-down hedges, overgrown hedges, uncleaned ditches, barns and farm buildings bearing the signs of decay. There is no longer any money to keep the land in good heart. And it means, above all, the loss of local leadership. For years past the country people of England have taken their lead from the landed proprietors, from families they have known for generation after generation. Most of the English Yeomanry regiments were founded by landed proprietors who led their tenants and workpeople for the defence of their country. The sons of the Squire and the groom grew up together in the same harness room, the Squire's wife and daughters were comforters and friends to the women of the village. There was always someone "up at the Hall" to whom the people on the estate could take their troubles. There were some bad landlords, but the majority had a very full realization of their responsibilities and a high sense of public duty. In an agricultural district local leadership is most essential, yet to-day it is threatened.

THERE IS yet another section of the agricultural community affected by the passing of the big estates. The majority of farmers bitterly regret the disappearance of the former landlords and the partition of the land they rent. Going about the countryside I have heard one farmer after another express a desire for a return to the days when they had somebody to whom they could take their troubles, somebody who was ready to help them over the rent when times were really bad, and above all, somebody who saw that fences and buildings were kept in first-class condition. Nobody knows better than the tenant-farmer that the management of an estate is a highly complicated business, requiring a great deal of skill, and those who through the break-up of an estate have had to buy their farms are more emphatic that there is no pleasure and

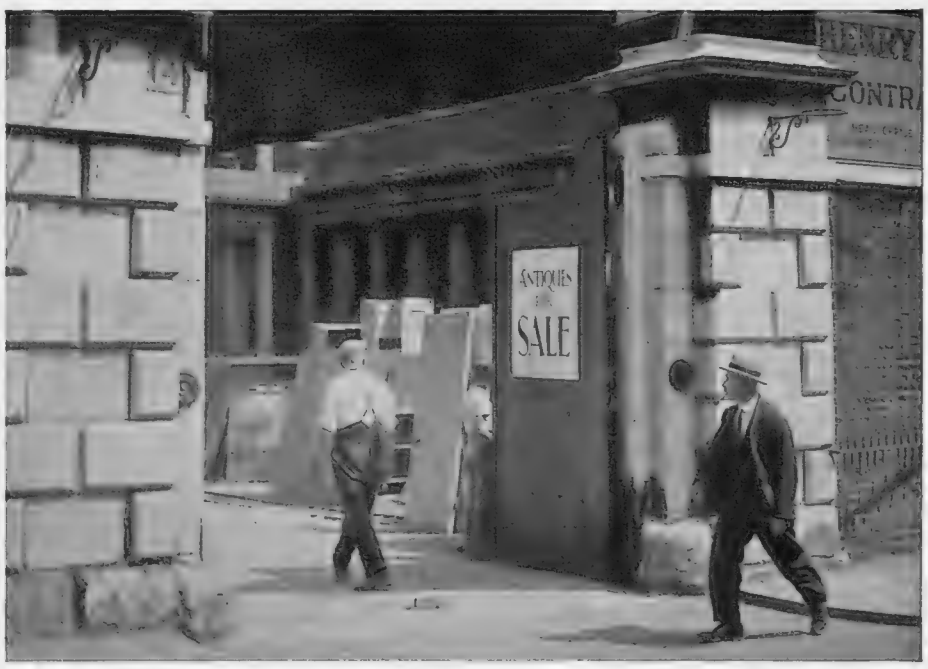
(Continued on p. 234)

HARVESTING ON A SUSSEX FARM: Owing to the drought the crops have ripened earlier than usual this year

LONDON: The City of Perpetual Change



ROOFLESS CHESTERFIELD HOUSE: Workmen demolishing the building with picks. This famous residence dates from 1749, and was built by Isaac Ware for the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the author of the celebrated *Letters to My Son*, and the leading art patron and connoisseur of his day. It later belonged to Mr. Magniac, another noted art collector, and for a time it was the home of the Earl of Harewood and the Princess Royal



IN THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEBREAKERS: *Left*—Removing a piece of statuary into the pillared courtyard at Chesterfield House. *Right*—The notice on the gate announcing the sale of antiques. The demolition of this famous residence is yet another loss to the Park Lane neighbourhood which of recent years has probably been the scene of more changes than any other part of Central London

RUS IN URBE: A hundred yards or so from the bustle and noise of London's traffic is the delightful Rose Garden in Regent's Park. This year there are more than 21,000 blooms, representing nearly a hundred varieties

ONE DAY IT MAY BE A BEER GARDEN: Afternoon tea outside the new Pavilion in Kensington Gardens. It is being urged in some quarters that places of refreshment in the parks should be fully licensed

SHEARING TIME: A scene in the beautiful country near Portree, Island of Skye. The climate here is much more suitable for sheep farming than for the growing of crops

PRIMITIVE IMPLEMENTS: A crofter and his wife working with the old type of hand plough which is still used in some parts of Skye

A PEACEFUL SCENE BESIDE LOCH LEVEN: Towards the north-west are the lovely hills of Lochaber

Scotland in Summer

Notes from the Diary of a Perthshire Farmer—The precarious Business of Haymaking — Two Crops which have to be Harvested at the Same Time

Rain on St. Swithin's Day seems to have upset weather conditions for the time being, and we are getting badly behind with our hay harvest in these parts. A dry, hot June and lack of moisture retarded the growth of crops; then the weather broke about July 12 and crops and livestock have benefited accordingly, but there has been no period of fine weather long enough to get much hay made.

Haymaking in the Highlands is always rather a precarious business, and the farmer from the South who likes to cut and carry hay within three days wonders at the various sizes of haystacks to be seen in these fields; but partly prejudice and partly weather conditions have made it inadvisable to attempt the methods of the South. So the hay is cut, turned after one or two days, then put into "coils" or small heaps about 3 ft. high; then next day, if there has been no rain, it is put into ricks in the fields where it remains (more or less watertight) until September.

THIS YEAR if the weather picks up the oats will ripen very quickly, and it will mean that two crops will have to be dealt with at the same time—not an easy task on a small hill farm with only two or three regular workers and two horses.

The sheep clipping is over, and the ewes and lambs have been returned to the hillside where they remain till the end of this month; the next big gathering is for dipping and separating the lambs for selling, and so forth; the ewe lambs are returned to the high ground and the wether lambs are brought down for a fortnight or more on the rye grass foggage and rape grown for finishing the lambs before they go to market in September; we hope for a rise in prices for our black-face lambs this year, the last two years the average price in West Perthshire was very low, about 12s. to 15s. I think most people hope for £1 this autumn.

July is the month when one notices the change in bird life. Young birds everywhere, but no song—one misses the corncrake, for in June he keeps up his strange noise (one can hardly call it a song) all night long—the cuckoo, too, has not been heard since the beginning of the month and only now and then a bird sings, whereas in June there are only three or four hours out of twenty-four when they are silent—but there is a continual calling and answering of young birds and much to be seen, if not heard, by the bird observer. Swallows and house martins are starting their second brood on this farmhouse and the swifts with their strange cry are flying with young accompanying them now; no other small bird has such powerful and varied flight.

THE SHOOTING SEASON about to open has good prospects round here, grouse being plentiful and well grown. From the farmer's point of view it would be a good thing if the tenants of shoots who have arable land as well as hill, would turn their attention to other game besides grouse. It is quite a common sight to see large areas of oats spoilt by wild duck which come in great numbers from the loch, land on the oats to feed, and flatten the standing grain making it impossible to cut it with the reaper. Pheasants also cause much damage among the potatoes and oats.

D. V. P.

August in Scotland

BATHING FROM THE ROCKY COAST OF SKYE: In these northern climes a dip in the sea is more than usually invigorating. There are innumerable inlets such as this. *Left inset*—THE LINN OF DEE: Tourists looking into the famous gorge where the River Dee cascades over the rocks. In some parts the channel is only a few feet wide

"AN HOUR BENEATH THE WORSHIPP'D SUN"

Holidaymakers at Gullane sunbathing after a swim. This Haddingtonshire resort is near the entrance to the Firth of Forth and not far from fashionable North Berwick

AN ARGYLLSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT: Loch Awe and Kilchurn Castle, the fortress built by Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy in 1440

SUNDAY THE TWELFTH

Will the Start of the Grouse Shooting Season be Delayed Until Monday?

SHOOTING people are conservative people. There has been a minor crisis in many a London household this summer owing to the tragic discovery that August the 12th falls on a Sunday. Your keen shot knows as well as any Sabbatarian that the Scot who works for twelve months in order to provide the best of sport during a few weeks in the autumn will raise his eyebrows if a gun is taken out of the gunroom for business purposes on the Sabbath. On the other hand, he argues, the Twelfth is the Twelfth, and seldom before has he had to find out what day it is.

Perhaps the answer is provided by the railways. Nearly seven thousand people were due to travel 1st class to Scotland on Friday night of this week. This would be more than twice the nightly average carried by two railway companies. From the hectic gaiety of a London season they will step out, at various times during to-day into carefully prepared mansions and shooting-boxes. And the probability is that they will not realize that they are taking part in one of the world's greatest railway organizations.

IT IS NOW known that the King expects to take his usual part in the season in Scotland. At first this was doubtful, but when the news became official, it was broadcast throughout the world. There are special organizations which exist for the purpose of disseminating news of the Scottish shooting season in foreign countries. Articles appear in the newspapers, and foreign travel bureaux are provided with pamphlets giving the news for wealthy patrons. The gamekeeper on the Scottish estate, and the housekeeper who has been preparing for long months every detail of the accommodation for favoured guests, do not know that they are "news" in several languages. But they play a part in the great campaign. The grouse also serves . . .

News of the grouse, by the way, is particularly good. Not for many years have there been reports so unanimously favourable. It is well known that the Scottish gamekeeper is very averse to optimism, and has in the past resisted every attempt to encourage him to give a good report of the prospects. Like the farmer, he prefers pessimism. But this year, owing perhaps to some freak of the drought which has affected the Southern lands, grouse are plentiful, strong, and fast. The admission, coming from expert observers, is invaluable. The world of sportsmen knows that boasting is discouraged north of the Tweed.

A further impetus to this year's season in Scotland is that one or more of the Royal Princes may be at Balmoral. Unfortunately, it is unlikely that any of the Princes will ever attain the skill of their father on the moors, and none of them has so far made a regular feature of the shooting season. The Princess Royal remains one of the most enthusiastic of the family. But it is more than probable that the Prince of Wales or one of his brothers will at least pay a short visit north during the season.

THE KING enjoys the sport at its best. His estate is actually one of the smallest in Deeside, and there are many visitors, particularly during this year, from over the duckpond, who will be able to boast that they have rented larger places than that of the King of England. The Maharaja of Rajpipla may rent one of the largest. A prominent Hungarian has made all arrangements to entertain at another. But the King can hardly take a walk without passing over the land of neighbours, though recently he has added to the Balmoral estate by purchasing Balbouie Forest. Colonel Farquharson is his neighbour and one of his closest friends in Scotland. The two of them could tell many a good shooting story, both concerning grouse and deer-stalking.

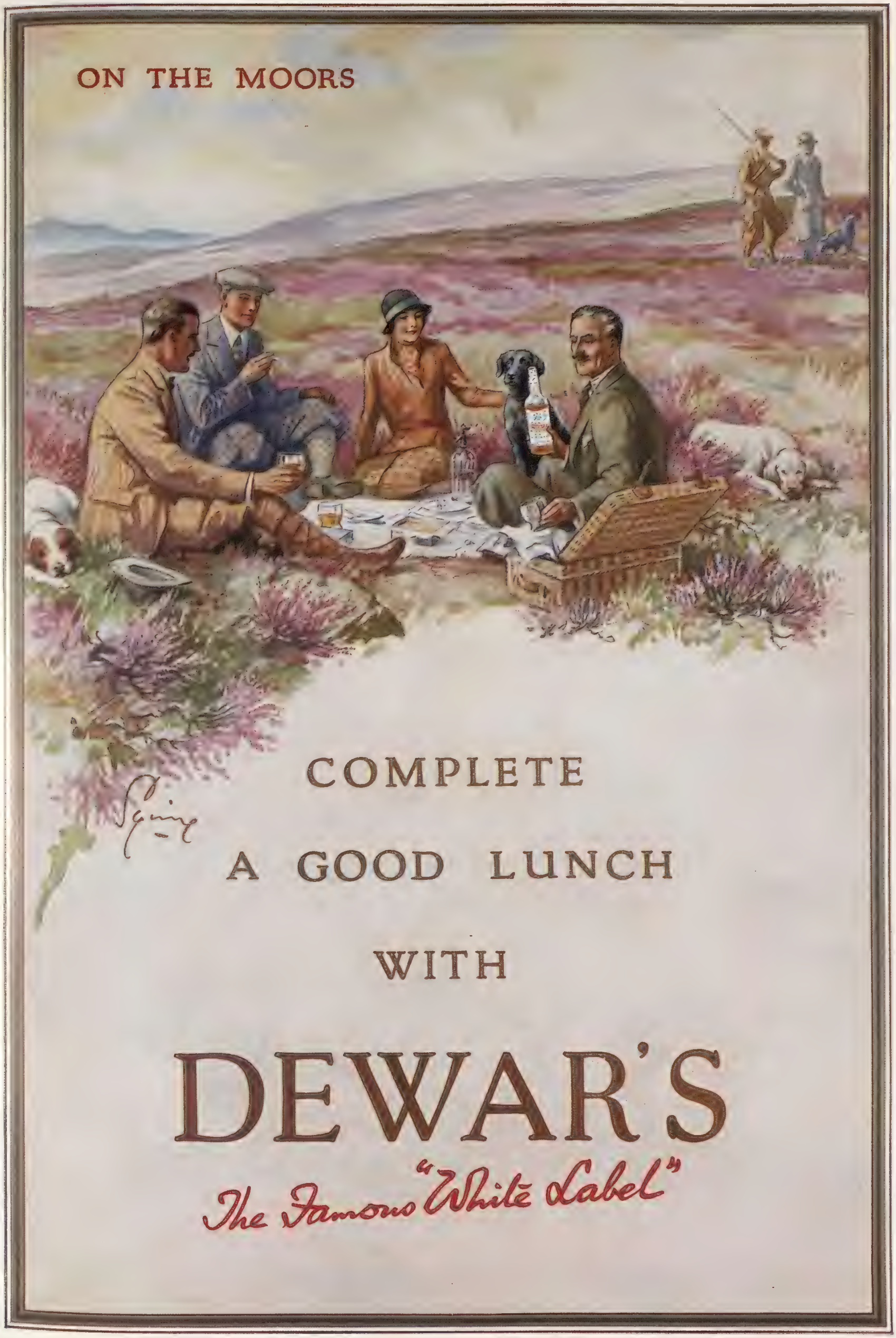
The King, it may be said, has changed the Twelfth. It used to be the signal for ceremony and semi-religious rites among the keen shots. (Was it not an English clubman who, all through July, walked down Piccadilly carrying an iron bar, the more blatantly to advertise that he was preparing his muscles for the Twelfth?) No clubman would do that to-day.

The Twelfth is still a day of jubilation among sportsmen, though in these days it would be impossible to justify some of the cheap jokes made about the day by the comic papers of the 'eighties. They used to picture terrified debutantes asking silly questions in the butts! Whereas the debutantes of to-day are as keen shots as their companions.

And that is all part of the preservation of the Twelfth as a red-letter day in the calendar of England. No attempt is made to advertise it among the true sporting fraternity. It is more or less a private ritual. By their secret smiles shall ye know them. They will be going for the Twelfth. Or maybe the Thirteenth.

Roland G. Wild

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE ISLE OF ARRAN: The prospects for the coming season here are excellent, as they are throughout Scotland



COMPLETE

A GOOD LUNCH

WITH

DEWAR'S

The Famous "White Label"

Reward for Thirst . . .

Sparkling Grape-Fruit, cooling, thirst-destroying, fresh as the newly picked fruit itself, sipped gently, slowly through long, lean straws — what better reward for thirsts than

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

Personalities in the Limelight

A TWO-MONTHS-OLD ROYAL BABY MAKES HIS FIRST FLIGHT: The King and Queen of the Belgians (in centre of left-hand picture), and their infant son, the Prince of Liége (right), seen at Brussels aerodrome before leaving by air for a holiday in Sweden. They are staying with the Queen's parents

PERUVIAN ADVENTURE: Miss Dora Stafford who has just returned to England from Peru where she has been searching for rare plants in the Andes. She has brought back many valuable specimens which she intends to cultivate in this country

A STUDIO ROMANCE: Eighteen-year-old Pamela Ostrer, daughter of Mr. Isidore Ostrer, President of the Gaumont British Film Corporation, with Mr. Roy Kellino, a camera man, to whom she was married recently at Marylebone Town Hall. Miss Ostrer has an important part in the new film, *Jew Süss*

A SOCIETY CHRISTENING: Lord and Lady Selby leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, with their baby daughter, Helen Alexandra, after the ceremony. One of the godparents is the Hon. Brinsley Le Poer Trench. It was at this church that Lord and Lady Selby were married on Derby Day last year

A HOLLYWOOD FILM CHIEF IN LONDON: Mr. L. B. Mayer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Corporation seen at Paddington station after alighting from the boat-train. This is his first visit to England for ten years

DISTANCE ANNIHILATED: A few days ago the Canadian Premier, Mr. R. B. Bennett, pressed a switch in Ottawa and lit up a large electric sign advertising Canadian goods in Trafalgar Square. In this picture Lieut.-Colonel G. P. Vanier, Acting High Commissioner in London, is shown speaking to Mr. Bennett over the transatlantic telephone just after the ceremony had been completed

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW: Detective Arthur Johnson, District Attorney McGowan, and Mr. Walter Blunt, a witness, who arrived in England from the United States a few days ago. They were en route for Corunna, Spain, to assist in the trial for murder of Andren Agelos who is accused of killing a police officer in New York on February 15, 1932

COMING TO THE WEST END: Reginald Tate as Mathias, Laidman Browne as a Roman Officer, and Joyce Bland as Esther in *A Man's House*—the new play by John Drinkwater which Sir Barry Jackson presented for the first time at the Malvern Festival

DRAMA IN AUGUST

"French Salad"—An Unexciting Play at the Westminster: The End of the Ballet Season at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

AT ONE TIME the more sentimental portions of musical comedies must beyond a doubt have been taken seriously.

Had they not been they could never have become so integral a part of the pattern of a form of entertainment which, assuredly, will never die.

But who takes them seriously now? Whose heart beats the quicker when the silly lovers are reconciled? Who could be one iota perturbed when at the end of any act but the last the "misunderstanding" arises? Yet that misunderstanding must always be there. In musical plays on which a lot of money has been spent, it takes place halfway up a staircase down which the heroine falls after her dramatic squabble with the man (a prince in disguise) who has deceived her, the ladies of the Court turning their faces to the back-cloth as if it were prayer-time at the House of Commons.

In plays such as *She Shall Have Music*, on which no economy has been spared, there is no staircase and there are no ladies of the Court. The hero is not a prince but a "crooner" in disguise—a most merciful dispensation since it means that he mustn't croon at the audience at all without giving himself away and smashing up the plot.

The casts of many musical comedies seem to consist so largely of men and women who are actors, actresses, dancers, and singers, all strictly in disguise, even when the exigencies of the plot require no such arrangement.

The misunderstanding arose because Miss Jean Colin (blonde heroine) thought the hero had been deceiving her by pretending to be a famous crooner, while in fact he was his secretary. So she slapped his face and down came the curtain. The curtain was raised again, after due patronage of the uncommonly spacious foyers, etc., of the Saville Theatre, to bring about a happy ending, with the crooner united to his blonde, and the blonde's brunette sister united to the crooner's secretary.

This act was somewhat unnecessarily protracted by the eager and quite promising displays of a Miss June (*not* the erstwhile Lady In.....cl.....de) and her dancers. They danced a little too long and should have eschewed tunes made familiar by troupes of greater renown and, I fear, much greater ability.

She Shall Have Music is a specimen, wholly true to type, of Edwardian, nay Victorian, musical comedy. This not even burlesque can sweep away. Nearly the whole of it seemed to me to be very like a burlesque; the first act, in particular, would have been extremely funny for ten minutes or so had one been able to persuade oneself that it was one of the late Harry Pelissier's "potted plays" on the theatre scene from *Cavalcade*.

With serious romance pumped into it; with the realization that the vivacious band of hand-waving chorus-girls, the comic waiter, the very arch-sweetness of Miss Jean Colin, were all in deadly earnest; and with humorous relief not as yet much in evidence ("when the comedians have worked up their material, doubtless all will be well," etc., etc.) it was difficult to do much with this entertainment other than to marvel at it and at its unswerving conservatism.

The lyrics and the music lack any sort of distinction, but there are some amusing scenes in which Mr. Reginald Purdell, in whom humour is obviously lurking, appeared, and Miss Viola Tree's frankly burlesque style was always welcome. Songs about the approach of feminine old age are always dreadfully unfunny. As W. S. Gilbert had that lesson to learn, and never learned it, the conservative policy contains here some awkward snags. I should add that Mr. Fred Conyngham is the non-crooning crooner—a nimble dancer; that Mr. Kenneth Cove gives another of his vacuously idiotic performances; that Miss Colin has improved; and that Miss Rita Page sang a poor song so conscientiously that it almost became a good one.

"French Salad."—*French Salad* suggests the title of one of those pitifully prurient little revues which travel about in order, profitably if possible, to give the English provinces the impression that the French capital is an extremely bawdy and exciting place.

The new "entertainment" at the Westminster is, however, not a revue, has nothing to do with Paris, and is not either bawdy or exciting. Most of it is nothing worse than silly.

The remainder—a small remainder—has some promise about it. Mr. Max Catto, the author, has considered that form, by which I do not mean good form, does not matter. That is a pity, for *French Salad* is, I understand, his first play, and one should know the rules of play-making before one breaks them. If the idea is that when a play deals with propaganda, and this one appears to be vaguely propagandist, one need not trouble about much else, let it be emphasized that these are just the plays which should be worth something in themselves if the propaganda is to have any effect. Mr. Catto will write, I think, a much better play if he bears this in mind; and whatever cause he may be "propaganding" at the time will benefit the more in consequence.

He has the knack, can bring his characters on and off the stage neatly, and can let them talk easily and naturally. It is unfortunate that in the case of *French Salad* it so rarely matters whether or no they come on to the stage at all or what they are talking about.

We are involved in the adventures of the Hutt family, who are the Sanger family with the Bohemian-Bloomsbury butter spread less thickly. The adventures are more feckless than farcical, though there are such familiar ingredients of farce as girls singing out of tune or getting drunk, neither of them hilarious processes in any circumstances.

Pa Hutt loses all his money (nothing much to laugh at in that). That singularly fine actor, Mr. Marcus Barron, who can make the least promising parts unforgettable, here had to throw up the sponge after a gallant struggle and leave Mr. Hutt as colourless as he found him. There were lots of little wooden Hutts whom one can leave without regret. But there was nothing wooden in the performances of Miss Hilda Trevelyan (Mrs. Hutt), Miss Ellen Pollock, Miss Vera Lennox and, above all, Miss Leonora Corbett.

A stage meal was prominent and needed much better "production."

"Les Imaginaires."—Never in living memory, I believe, has Covent Garden been open in August. The Russian Ballet Season is in its last week, but there is no question of its being moribund, for it has actually produced another novelty.

Les Imaginaires is a minor ballet but, of its type, a good one. Massine's efforts as an arranger of ballets are obviously catching, for M. David Lichine, another of the troupe's fine dancers, is responsible for a rather Euclidean portrayal of human problems and emotions. Sometimes the meaning is only too clear—voluptuous curves, for instance, to represent Woman. Rather more often it is deeply hidden. In the latter case the word "symbolical" becomes more useful than ever, if one does not fall back entirely on the jargon of those who have dubbed themselves balletomanes, grow beards, and write books about it.

However, the main point in most of these ballets—indeed, I would say in all of them—is not what they mean but what they look like. Mlle Riabouchinska is always vastly alluring to the eye; here she takes the part of a Circle, possibly an Inner Circle, for the Ballets Russes have been dabbling with railways of late. Her figure is not geometric in itself and she is a far pleasanter proposition than any Euclid evolved. M. Lichine himself appeared as a Triangle. To complete the effect he should have played one as well.

M. Auric's music is itself a little spiky and angular. He was the composer, it will be remembered, of that strange ballet, *Le Chat*, in which Mlle Nikitine crouched and postured behind oblongs and circles and hexagons and things, all made of celluloid. Here he is not quite so modern, and even allows a certain mid-nineteenth-century pickiness at times. But when his music is not actually ugly it comes under the useful label of "charming insincerity"—the family motto of "Les Six."

AN APPROPRIATE SETTING: The court scene in Reinhardt's production of *The Merchant of Venice* which was recently staged in the Piazza Travaso, Venice. The Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, attended one of the performances

FOLLOWING THE SUN

For comfort and for service you must have a natural coloured camel cloth coat for an autumn cruise. The one above comes from Studd and Millington, of 51 Conduit Street, W., and is admirably cut and tailored. The large collar is bordered with rows of stitching, the buttons are of natural horn, and inset panels run down from the triangular pocket to the hem. The price of such camel cloth coats ranges from 6 to 9 guineas

In navy, grey, or white flannel, the suit below has a skirt with two groups of pleats at the front and one at the back, while the coat has raised tucks across the front, an inset panel, and a half-belt. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., and can be made from 10½ guineas. It is also very attractive in linen, and the price then is only 8½ guineas

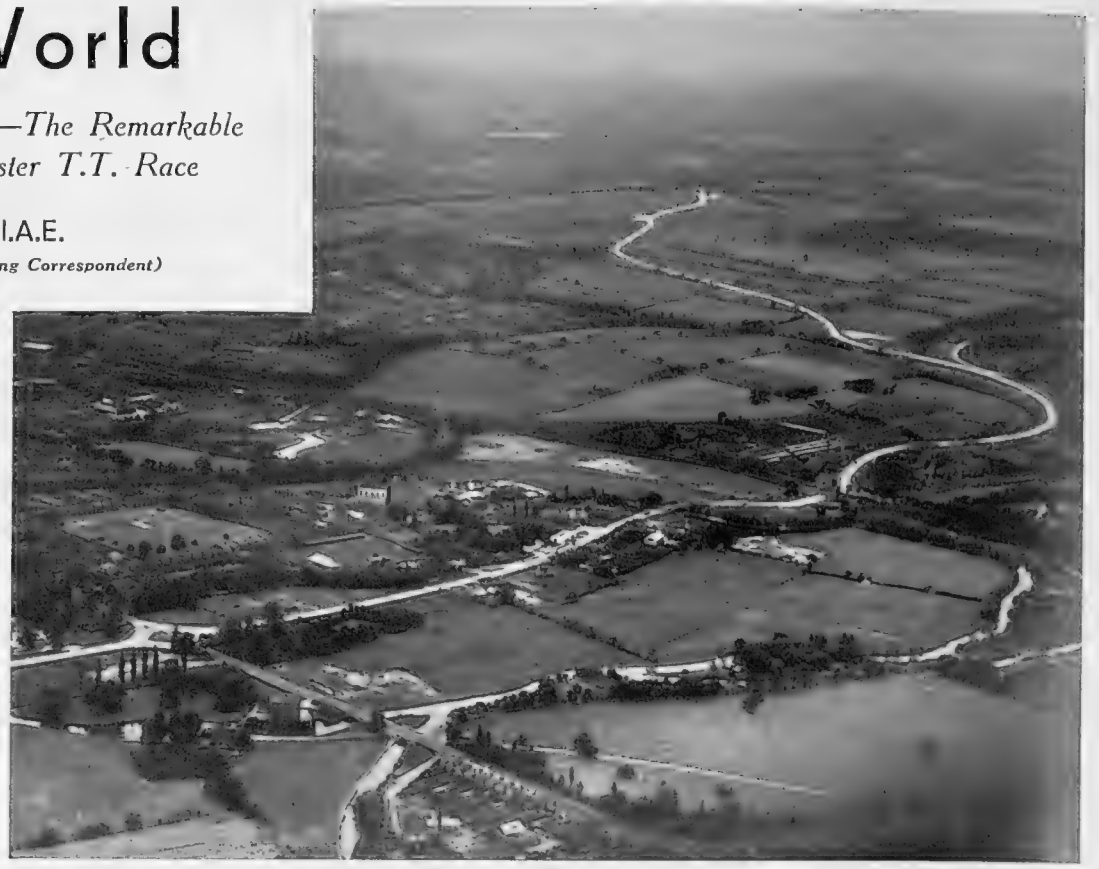
Deck shoes in white buck are seen above. They are perforated for coolness and unlined for lightness, and they have a flexible rubber sole. At Lilley and Skinner, of 358 Oxford Street, W., they are available for 39s. 6d., where the other shoes, in white deerskin and tan calf with firm leather heels, cost 55s. These may also be obtained in black and white or blue and white

The Petrol World

How the Road Problem should be Tackled—The Remarkable Resistance of Toughened Glass—The Ulster T.T. Race

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE NEW GUILDFORD-GODALMING BY-PASS ROAD: It was opened at the end of last month by Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Minister of Transport

Now that the Road Traffic Act has received the Royal Assent there is no escape for motorists from its provisions and I am afraid that many of us will find ourselves being included in the statistics of criminals. Apparently, however, it does not follow that the whole Act will be put into operation straight away, for the Minister himself has the power to withhold or to put into action any of the new provisions included in the Act. From what one can understand the new Minister is wedded to the special pedestrian crossings and if we are to believe all we read the whole country will shortly be crisscrossed with herringbone paintings on the roads and innumerable special signs which are not very noticeable. These special crossings are undoubtedly a good thing, but like many other good things the Minister is not really giving them a fair chance. If a crossing is available to a pedestrian, and is not farther away than 200 yds. or some fair distance from the point where he is, he should be summoned if he does not use his specially preserved ground to get from one side of the street to the other.

The whole fact of the matter is that the Government are frightened at the appalling death rate on the roads but are even more terrified to apply the only solution to the problem which will really give results, because in doing so they might lose votes at the next election. A railway line is fenced during its entire length and unauthorized people are not permitted to walk on it and can only cross it at certain specified places by means of bridges, subways or level-crossings. If it is considered safe to allow pedestrians to walk down the centre of a main road, I cannot for the life of me see why they should not be permitted to walk along railway lines as long as they did not actually get in the direct path of a train. After all, the speeds of trains are more often than not slower than those of motor vehicles on the road, and there is practically no fear of their deviating from their set path and knocking anyone down. I would not mind betting that a pedestrian walking on a railway line, within a couple of feet of the permanent way, would at least look round if he or she heard the "Cheltenham Flyer" approaching from behind. Yet, there is far less danger of the express hitting the individual than if a fast car were overtaking a pedestrian at the side of the road on a really wet day, but how often does a walker or cyclist show the slightest sign that he hears a fast car coming up behind to pass him?

Sooner or later the Government will have to admit that every person, animal, and vehicle will have to be definitely regulated when using the King's highway. Speed limits, special crossings, drivers' tests, and all the other suggested remedies for our troubles are merely the attempts of a child-like mind to provide a solution for a problem which any man of experience could tackle successfully in a month. I am not attempting to blame the pedestrians, the cyclists, or any other particular class of road user, but I feel certain that if everyone were regulated we could all use the roads in the country in comparative safety, and all be on terms of friendliness with one another.

Not very long ago I witnessed a very interesting demonstration carried out on sample pieces of toughened Triplex glass. Let me explain, at least to those readers who do not know much about this commodity, that toughened glass consists of one piece of sheet and not of laminated sheets as in the ordinary Triplex. I have not seen this new glass manufactured, but I am given to understand that the outside surfaces are purposely cooled more rapidly than the centre. This gives the sheet some truly remarkable qualities. If its ends are supported it will carry an amazing weight in the middle and in so doing it will deflect, I should say, over 6 in. in a length of 4 ft. It will withstand abnormal shocks, and during the particular demonstration to which I refer, a solid steel ball about 3 in. in diameter was dropped from a height of about 6 ft. on to a sheet measuring approximately 2 ft. square, supported round its edges in a hollow wooden box. Obviously no ordinary glass could withstand such treatment without fracture, but of course there is a limit to the resistance offered by the toughened variety and when the blow is too great then it shatters in a truly remarkable manner. It immediately disintegrates into millions of small pieces which do not, of themselves, fly about. When broken the sheet actually expands so that it is held firmer in its frame. When fractured the sheet becomes quite opaque so that it cannot be seen through. Again a fracture can be brought about by a fairly severe tap from a pointed object. So far as I can see, this glass, which is much cheaper to buy than the better-known laminated Triplex, is almost ideal for use for side windows, and it has an additional element of safety over ordinary Triplex when fitted in this way. Should the car upset or catch fire after a collision the occupants can break the glass by means of a tap from a sharp instrument and easily push away the opaque mask of glass particles. I am not quite convinced that it is desirable for windscreens, but why anyone should wish to try it in this position I do not know, because the orthodox Triplex gives every satisfaction.

MAKING HIS INTENTIONS CLEAR: The driver can reveal on this sign at the rear of his van whether he is about to stop, or turn to the right or left. In this way many mishaps can be avoided

SAFEGUARDING THE PEDESTRIAN: These railings have been erected in Prince's Square, Wolverhampton, in order to prevent pedestrians from crossing at the more dangerous points

The motor-racing season this year has been one of the best on record and we are fast approaching one of the high spots in this year's Racing Calendar. I refer to the R.A.C.'s T.T. Race in Ulster on September 1. In spite of the dismal Jimmies who shouted long and loudly that because the R.A.C. banned superchargers the entry list would be greatly diminished and shorn of all interest, we now find that far more cars are down to compete than was the case last year. What is perhaps even more important, a glance down the entry list shows that the manufacturers themselves have taken a greater interest than ever before, for there are quite a number of official teams entered by makers. The race may not be won at such a high speed as usual, but from the public point of view a close finish is far more exciting at 60 m.p.h. than a runaway win at 80 m.p.h. The R.A.C. are to be congratulated on having the courage of their convictions and for not allowing themselves to be bullied into altering the regulations to please one or two misguided people.

Remembering the just reputation of Lagonda cars for speed, coupled with reliability, it is not surprising that when they launched their new small model called the "Rapier" the other day, everyone interested in motoring sat up and took nourishment. This small car, if appearances count for anything, will enhance the maker's previous reputation and I look forward to taking it out for test in the near future when I will recount in these notes my experiences.

The recent relaxation of formalities attendant upon taking a motor car to France has resulted in a big increase in the number of British motorists visiting that country. According to a temporary arrangement now in force, it is unnecessary to obtain triptyque or carnet, or to provide the usual £20 cash deposit and banker's guarantee. It, therefore, becomes of more than usual interest to point out that the distributors for France of Humber and Hillman cars—Messrs. Motor de Luxe—maintain a service station at 12 rue de Sablonville (Portes Maillot and Ternes), Paris 17, the telephone number being Etoile 54-34. The showrooms of Messrs. Motor de Luxe are at 12 rue de Berri (Champs Elysées), Paris 8. The service station is situated only a very short distance off the Avenue de la Grande Armée, the continuation of the Champs Elysées, and is, therefore, in an exceptionally central position. Supplies of spare parts are available, and owners of Humber cars are assured of courteous attention to their requirements.

It is an interesting fact to note that Austins have won the Light Car Club's Relay Race twice since it was inaugurated in 1931, their second victory taking place this year.

Whilst referring to Austins I note that the manufacturers of this popular car have introduced another new sound film entitled *Miles Ahead*. Not only does the film depict in a fascinating way the up-to-date method of the construction of a modern motor car in all its detail, but it shows the many unusual applications of that versatile baby, the Austin Seven engine, such as propelling boats, cranes, tractors, miniature railways, and other activities. Another interesting feature of the film is the everyday life of mysterious Morocco, which contributes convincing testimony to the value of the modern car as a means of penetrating to the less accessible corners of the globe. I understand that this film is to be shown throughout the country during the coming season, and I would certainly advise all motorists not to miss the opportunity of seeing it.

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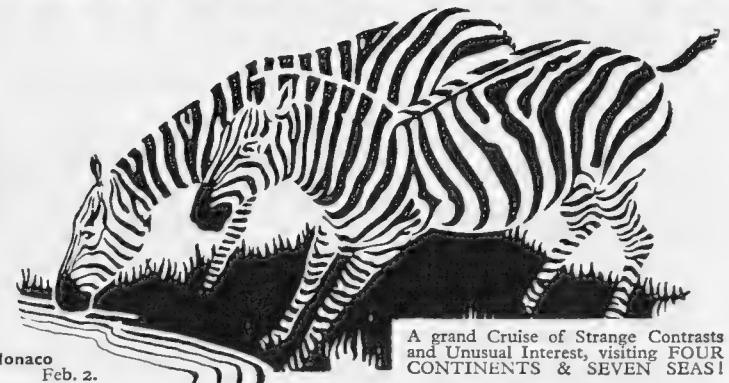

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DESTRUCTION BY TAXATION

(Continued from p. 222)

very little profit attached to the ownership of agricultural property. For five centuries the landed proprietors of Britain have been the leaders of agriculture and to-day there is a very real danger of the industry being deprived of that leadership.

The tragedy of it all is that an estate can be reduced or destroyed so quickly, or at the best be saddled with a burden that will hamper its power to provide employment for the next half-century. The following instance is an imaginary one, but the figures approximate more or less with those in an actual existing case. A man aged fifty inherited from his father a fortune of £2,525,252. On this £1,262,626 was payable to the State in estate duties, and another £12,626 in succession duty. The net inheritance, £1,250,000, produced by skilful investment about £50,000 a year, of which the tax collector took £28,365 a year. After twenty years the man died, the estate was called upon to pay a further sum of £500,000 in estate duties and a further £7,500 in succession duties. Thus in twenty-one years an estate of £2,525,252 was reduced to £742,500, the State having taken £2,350,052 from it in taxation. The process of reduction is much speedier if the son dies fairly soon after his father. It happened recently in the case of Sir Bernhard Baron's estate, and both the Norfolk and Northumberland estates have had to pay two lots of heavy duties in a comparatively short period.

Every month sees another estate passing under the hammer, another great house shut up and a few hundred more trees hewn down to make room for bungalows and petrol pumps and tea gardens. Taxation is doing more than destroy a class and cripple agriculture; it is aiding the destruction of the beauty of the English countryside. In the years within most people's memory Stowe House has become a school, as has Maiden Erleigh. Selsdon Park is a hotel, Moor Park a golf club, Broome Park is up for sale. The stone eagles on its gate-posts look down on petrol pumps and bungalows.

The Sudbourne estate, one of the most beautiful in Suffolk, is also in the market—there is talk of building a factory on it—as is the Corwar estate in Ayrshire. Mercifully the Buttermere estate on Crummock Water and Loweswater has been saved by the National Trust from the speculative builder, but others have not been so fortunate.

There does not seem to be any reasonable hope of any change in Government policy with regard to estate duties. Yet the politicians would do well to remember that taxation is not only killing the goose that has in the past laid the golden eggs, but is impoverishing agriculture, destroying valuable leadership in rural affairs, and aiding the destruction of the countryside. "In half a century we are witnessing the destruction of something that it has taken six centuries to build." J. Baker-White

WHITHER DE VALERA?

(Continued from p. 216)

the past themselves been so largely responsible for producing the split Ireland of to-day, so deep in travail. Priestly influence is no longer in the same ascendancy that it was when last I was here, fourteen years ago.

Visitors to Ireland come away with one of two notions. The first is that everything is running to seed and ruin in the battling Twenty-Six Counties which are on the verge of revolution and collapse. Such people see gunmen and misery and anti-Protestant simmering and all the portents of a sanguinary clash between Right and Left for the more or less immediate future.

Other, and perhaps more observant passers-by, are inclined to discount such blood-and-thunder reading of the situation; at times, indeed, to wonder if nothing much may happen for a year or two to come. There is no election until 1937. It is quite possible that Mr. De Valera will try and hang on till then, while progressively realizing bit by bit his long-drawn-out programme. It is even possible that this Irish dictator is preparing to bridge the critical times, as others of his kind have had to do, with the threat of force.

With him the end justifies the means, and in England you may lately have overlooked a certain new element. Slowly but steadily the I.R.A. is being transmuted into a new Government force called the Volunteers. These are dressed as Casement's Brigade was to have been, and have German-shaped steel helmets, though what on earth the Irish want imitating anything German at the present time beats me. However, presumably the idea is to have another tilt at the English, and I think it's nauseatingly silly. But that is by the way. The point is that a lively fear is growing that Mr. De Valera may be preparing to bridge the intensely difficult period ahead with the aid of a form of Fascist militia; that he is preparing to hold in subjection the majority while his surgical operation proceeds on the country.

Obviously, were these fears to find substantiation, civil war with an amalgam of Blueshirts and farmers and Fine Gael would be entirely within the bounds of possibility. All such as wish to preserve Ireland's natural economic rôle, together with the Dominion link, might be calculated to band together against a unification of Government force.

But Heaven forbid that I should embark on any prophecy in regard to this, my native land, the most difficult of all European countries to unravel and pierce. All you may safely say, in addition to the above, is that without doubt there is crystallizing a widespread desire for some form of Commonwealth allegiance, and that this yearning may be expected to increase as a barred and bolted New Deal U.S.A. passes out of the ken of Irish people who once were wont to throng across the ocean as part of the normal search for a livelihood.

It may be, furthermore, that there is a tendency in England to under-estimate the power and hold Mr. De Valera exercises, and an over-readiness to believe that he is considerably bluffing for bargaining purposes and "will come forward with something different in the way of an offer when he deems the moment opportune." In my view, he will come forward with the declaration of an (of course unworkable) All-Ireland Republic "when he deems the moment opportune." He will never take any oath again and, frankly, the Commonwealth *dénouement*, if it is to come one day, must be indissolubly linked with the departure of Mr. De Valera. I am sure he agrees.

A BOOK LIST

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At a recent inspection of the Newport Market Army Bands School, Orpington, which is a branch of the above Society, the Marquis Camden, in his official report, speaks of the great keenness and precision with which the drills were carried out, the excellent swimming and diving display, and how happy and well cared for the boys looked. These boys are being trained for Army Bands, and funds are needed to keep this work going. Any readers interested in such work would be putting their money to good use by sending a subscription to the Head Office, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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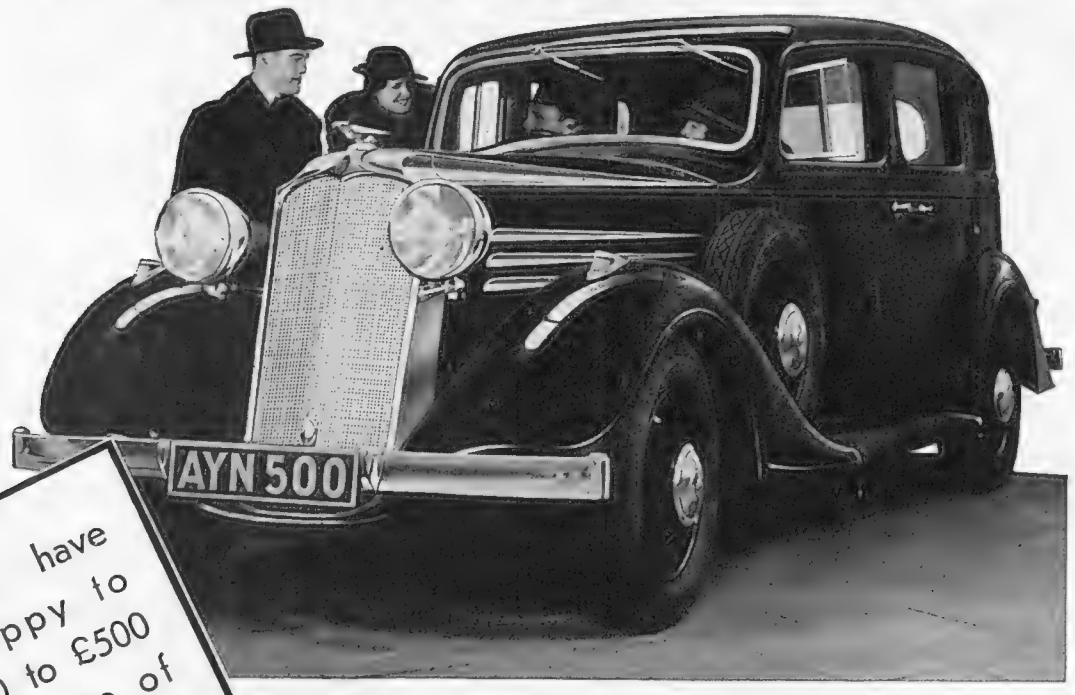

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WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
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SIMPLE DRESS DESIGNS: PAPER PATTERN SERVICE.
SUMMER DRINKS: *by A. H. Adair.*
LIGHT MEALS FOR AUGUST.
MOTORING SECTION: *By The Earl of Cardigan.*

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AIRCRAFT VERSUS NATURE

Fighting Pests from the Air

Aviation has impressed on most people its value for high speed transport and its potentialities for war purposes. Its potentialities in a different kind of war, the war against disease and against insect, animal, and even vegetable pests are only now beginning to be developed.

For some time methods of combating tropical diseases, whether of man or beast, spread by insects have been studied by scientists in this country by the aid of living examples of the insects concerned brought swiftly to England by the air lines. These examples have recently included cockroaches and a particularly virulent form of tick from Africa. The airway provides the only means whereby these creatures can be transported from their tropical homes to our laboratories quickly enough and in sufficiently good condition for the diseases which they carry and propagate to be studied in their living source.

The aeroplane is also being used to combat insect pests which destroy vegetation. Apart from the investigation of methods of destruction carried out on living locusts flown to England from Africa where they do incalculable damage to vegetation each year, methods of combating the swarms directly from the air are being tried.

For farmers, news of an advancing locust swarm is a threat of disaster. All foliage in its path is devoured, and it leaves a desert in its track. Even from Portugal a plague of locusts is reported this summer, and it was feared that it might spread into southern France.

Near Salisbury, Rhodesia, a campaign of locust destruction from the air has been opened by Mr. R. W. Jack, the Chief Entomologist of Southern Rhodesia.

An obsolete three-engined air liner has been obtained from Imperial Airways. The lower wings of this machine carry containers which hold 300 lb. of sodium arsenate powder and it is intended to spray the poison powder into the air in front of the flying locust swarms. The powder will remain suspended in the air for some time, and when the locust swarm flies into the poison belt it is hoped that it will be destroyed.

This method of dealing with locusts is purely experimental, and owing to recent cold weather the swarms have been sluggish and have not flown at any considerable height above the ground so that the powder-spraying tests which were intended to deal with swarms flying high have so far been inconclusive. It has yet to be seen what effect the poisoned locusts and the powder, which must eventually settle on the ground, will have on animal and vegetable life.

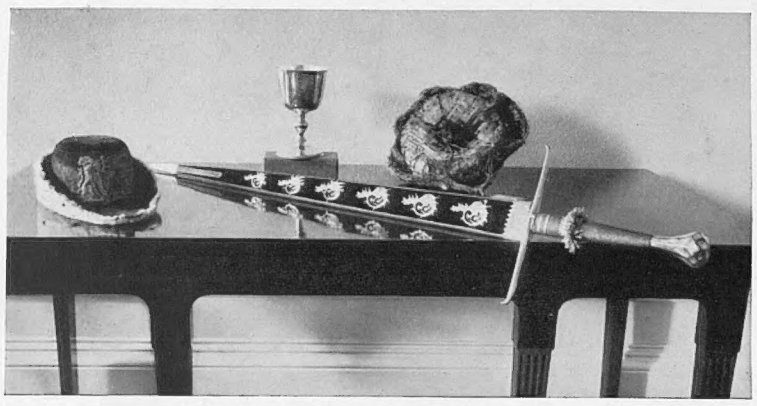
Nearer home, in Scotland, an experiment is shortly to be made by the West of Scotland Agricultural College in the destruction, by spraying from the air, of a vegetable pest, bracken. In Scotland and many parts of England the spread of bracken over otherwise useful land is an increasing problem. Cutting, rolling, and chemical dressings have been advocated and practised as a means of checking and eradicating it with varying success. In many places its spread has been far too extensive and the configuration of the ground too difficult for these methods to be practicable.

An autogiro is to be used for the spraying test from the air. The need for landing and taking-off frequently from confined spaces and ability to fly slowly while the spray is being delivered were reasons for the choice of this particular type.

The machine will be fitted with a special stainless steel tank to contain the acid spray which will be forced out under pressure. The cost of the acid spray alone is expected to amount to 9d. per acre. The bracken will be sprayed when fully grown with the machine flying about 20 ft. above it and it should be possible to spray about 1 acre per minute. The sprayed bracken is expected to be burnt down by the acid in about 20 minutes and comparison will be made with areas adjoining dealt with by normal means. The risk of damage to animals and game again arises with the use of acid strong enough to burn down vegetation, but this is stated to be slight.

On this first trial the amount of spray carried by the aircraft will only suffice to spray a small area without landing to refill with acid but if it proves successful there will be little difficulty in arranging for machines having larger tanks capable of dealing with a reasonable area at a time.

Thus aircraft may prove the means of bringing many unprofitable acres back to usefulness again.



THE CIVIC REGALIA OF YORK: The Cap of Maintenance, shown on the left, is a replica of a cap presented to the City in 1393 by Richard II who enjoined that it should not be taken off either in the presence of God or the King. Even to-day the sword bearer, who wears it, keeps his head covered for a few moments when he first enters a church. The gold loving cup was given to the City in 1672 for the Lord Mayor to drink the health of the King, and the State Sword was brought from the Royal Chapel at Windsor in 1439. It at one time belonged to the Emperor Sigismund

A PROMINENT WOMAN PAINTER: Miss Emily Murray Paterson who has died recently. She was a member of the Royal Scottish Water-colour Society, a member of the Society of Women Artists, and an Associate of the Royal Miniature Society

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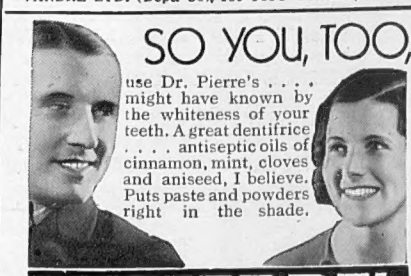

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Ireland (Belgium and France).—Westende, a few miles from Ostende by tram, is a small resort with good sandy beaches and an 18-hole golf course within easy reach. At the Westende Hotel you would get terms during September for about 45 francs per day. Special seventeen-day holiday tickets can be obtained, the return 2nd-class fare (1st class on the steamer) from London to Westende being £2 16s. 10d. On the south coast of Brittany, La Baule is a popular resort where you would find good beaches, some rocks, and a golf course. Le Croisic is a small village outside La Baule, where at the Hôtel Masson you would get terms for about 46 francs per day.

B., Yorks (Germany).—We would advise you to visit Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden rather than Frankfurt am Maine and Karlsruhe, for they are on the whole situated in prettier surroundings than the two latter. It is possible to make a great many motor-coach excursions from Wiesbaden, as well as steamer trips up and down the Rhine. Baden-Baden is an excellent centre from which to visit the Black Forest, to which it is nearer than Karlsruhe. A 60 per cent. reduction is being granted by the German railways on return tickets provided that one stays in that country at least seven days.

B., Berks (Scotland).—The roads to the north of the Caledonian Canal are not of the first class, but they are used by many motorists touring the north of Scotland. In parts they are narrow and winding. When in Invergarry or Tomdoun you should make the trip to Kinlochhourn through the Glen Quoich Deer Forest and Glen Garry. Similarly at Kyle of Lochalsh you should drive out to see the Falls of Glomach, which are amongst the finest in Britain. The road out to the falls ends in a cart track, and the last mile and a quarter must be done on foot. From Kyle of Lochalsh you could make a large detour to reach Ullapool via Kinlochewe and Braemore Lodge. From Dundonnel to Braemore Lodge the road affords good views of An Teallach, one of the most picturesque ranges in Scotland. From the latter town the road runs through the deep gorge of Corrie Halloch. The Falls of Measach can be seen from a suspension bridge to which a path descends from the road. A detour can also be made from Ullapool to Kylesku via Drumrunie and Lochinver, and though the road is very poor, one is well repaid by the views of the really magnificent scenery.

Hints for Travellers

NEW FACILITIES FOR MOTORISTS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Dr. Partl, who is in charge of the Czechoslovakian Government's tourists' bureau has done a great deal towards facilitating the passage of foreign tourists who are motoring to Czechoslovakia. Trip tickets are issued at the frontier stations and this progressive Minister of Commerce has authorized the frontier Customs authorities to issue trip tickets for 10 days for all auto tourists who have an international document, at a fee of about 5s. According to the new law foreign motor tourists are exempt from all road and transportation mileage duties formerly collected at the frontier. The maximum sojourn is extended to ninety days. The rule also applies to all tourists' vehicles as well as to autobus conveyances. Czechoslovakia contains some extremely lovely scenery and a very fine capital, Prague. The many people who annually visit the famous spas there, Marienbad, Karlsbad, and Pistany, to mention but a few, would find it a pleasant change to make the journey to Czechoslovakia by car instead of by train, and thus see some of the hidden corners of this picturesque land.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Grand Hotel.—Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer.—Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—Opposite Casino. First class. Moderate Terms.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Bristol.—First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.—The best reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof.—1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

Cologne.—Furstenhof.—Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk 7.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

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Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—First class. Homelike. Full pension from R.M. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

ITALY—*continued.*

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.—Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.-(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.)—Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

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Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.**—Renovated, running water. Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Mont Pelerin above **Vevey.—Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 fr. Overlkg. Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

Montreux.-Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms: facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tennis Courts. Terms en-pension 18/-.

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